

JULY 30, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 609.—Vol. XXIV.

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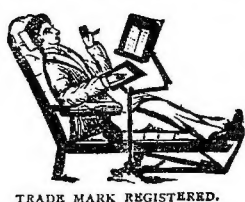
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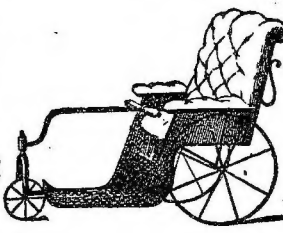


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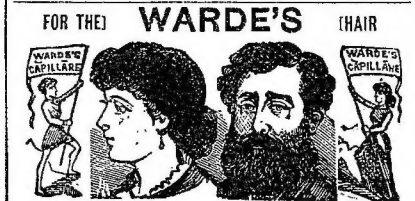


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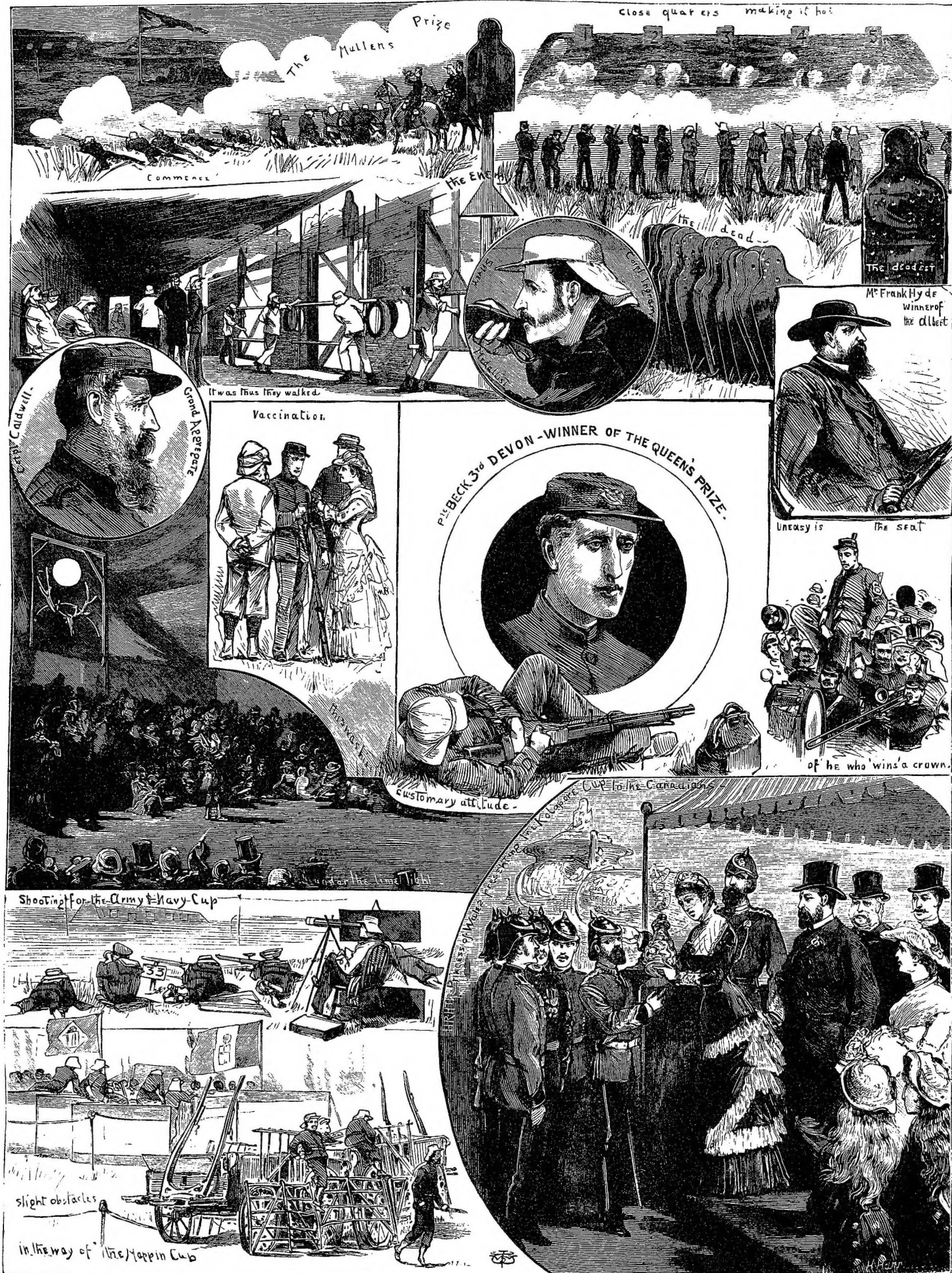
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 609.—VOL. XXIV.
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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE VOLUNTEER MEETING AT WIMBLEDON

Topics of the Week

THE LAND BILL.—Mr. Gladstone has good reason to congratulate himself on the circumstances in which the Irish Land Bill leaves the House of Commons. It has been thoroughly discussed, and its leading provisions are disliked by a good many Liberals as well as by the Conservatives; yet in passing through Committee it has undergone little change either in matter or in form. The country is now waiting with some anxiety to see what will be the fortunes of the measure in the Upper House. Could the Lords give effect to their real wishes, there can be no doubt that it would be rejected; but Lord Salisbury and his supporters have the good sense to see that it would be inconvenient, and might be dangerous, to resist the will of the majority of the nation on a question of so much importance. It may be assumed, however, that they will introduce several new clauses; and one of their proposals will certainly be similar in intention to that which Lord E. Fitzmaurice suggested on Tuesday, and which obtained the support of Mr. Goschen and other Liberal members. As it was defeated only by a majority of thirty-six, the Lords will be perfectly justified in at least attempting to incorporate the proposal, or something like it, in the new Act. It was to the effect that holdings valued at and over 100*l.* a year should be excepted from the operation of the Seventh Clause, on the ground that tenants paying so high a rent are capable of protecting their own interests. It is difficult to see what serious objection can be advanced against this suggestion. There are multitudes of poor Irish tenants who cannot defend themselves against oppression, and it is right that in their case special measures should be adopted to prevent injustice; but why should there be exceptional legislation for a class of farmers who are as able as their landlords to look after their own welfare? They have no more claim to protection than any other fairly prosperous capitalists; and if they were subjected to the ordinary principles of contract, there would be no excuse for an agitation in favour of extending the provisions of the Irish Land Bill to England and Scotland.

THE DYNAMITE DISCOVERIES.—It is somewhat unsatisfactory that up to the present time neither consignor nor consignee of these explosive machines has been captured, or even identified. The police seem to have been over-rapid in their action. Why did they not wait till somebody came to claim these innocent-looking casks of cement? Possibly the spy who revealed the plot was spied upon in his turn, so that the consignees also received warning, and therefore took care to "stand from under." As far as present information goes, we cannot positively assert that the Fenians in America had any hand in the shipment of this perilous merchandise. Indirect evidence, however, tends to implicate them in the plot. In the early days of the First French Revolution the notorious Marat advised in his newspaper that a number of patriots should go about furnished with a muff and dagger for the purpose of smiting down aristocrats. His advice was afterwards practically carried out, save that the guillotine was substituted for the muff and dagger. Now, in the large Atlantic cities of the United States there are published several newspapers which circulate almost exclusively among the Irish, and which have been advocating for months if not for years past the liberation of Ireland by force, the power of "pirate England" being crippled by the destruction of her arsenals and other public establishments with dynamite. Remembering also that the same people who read these incendiary prints are liberal supporters of a Skirmishing Fund established for the purpose of harassing England and rendering Ireland independent, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the conspiracy, if there be a conspiracy, is of Fenian origin. Of the villainy of such projects it is unnecessary to speak, of their folly we are not so sure. An enterprise may be wicked, but it may also be successful; assassinations and such-like crimes by no means always fail in their intended purpose. The most disquieting feature about the business is that it vividly displays to us across the Atlantic some hundreds of thousands of people, who once were subjects of the British Crown, and who now hate us, or fancy they hate us, so bitterly, that they are willing to give their hard-earned dollars to buy explosives wherewith to kill and mutilate us. Meanwhile our Government might do something to stop this infection from spreading among the home-staying Irish, who are far less acrid than their American kinsfolk. They should forbid the importation of these firebrand news-sheets, and they should "invite" such noteworthy foreigners as Mr. Redpath to quit the country, just as the French have rid themselves of Don Carlos. Our superstitious regard for what is called "liberty" in this country enables ill-conditioned persons to do a great deal of mischief with impunity.

RUMOURED ALLIANCES.—During the last few weeks there have been many different reports on the Continent as to anticipated changes in the relations of the Great Powers. It is stated, for instance, that Italy has asked to be admitted into the Austro-German alliance; and as Italy is on good terms with England, the Germans have understood the supposed application to mean that Mr. Gladstone is anxious to withdraw from his "Hands off" policy. According to

another rumour, it is not Italy but France that has been making advances to Germany and Austria; and some persons have gone so far as to hint that these three Powers are discussing the expediency of forming a coalition against Great Britain. General Scobelev has been recently in Paris; and this has given occasion to another theory, to the effect that Russia and France are at last taking steps to arrive at the definite understanding about which so much has been said since the conclusion of the Franco-German War. There does not seem to be the slightest foundation for any of these reports. The alliance between Germany and Austria is maintained, because it rests on obvious and solid interests; but there is nothing to indicate that any of the other Powers are attempting to form a special friendship either with each other or with the Central European States. The fact that there is so much talk about new alliances is not, however, altogether unimportant; for it is one of many signs of an unsettled state of opinion. All over Europe there is a vague feeling of alarm, and nobody can tell at what particular point danger will first begin to manifest itself. Recent events in Tunis are, no doubt, partly to blame for this; but the chief cause must probably be sought for in the great change which took place in this country after the last general election. The principles of Lord Beaconsfield's policy were well understood in Europe; but now England herself hardly knows her own aims, and her vacillation has introduced an element of uncertainty into the calculations even of the most far-seeing foreign statesmen.

THE TRANSVAAL DEBATE.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and his friends had an uphill task in the conduct of this discussion. Ministers had cleverly staved off the debate from time to time, until at last the Opposition were compelled to accept a day at the fag-end of the Session, when, owing to the combined influences of the Land Bill and the hot weather, nearly everybody was weary and exhausted. Then they had to fight, as it were, blindfolded, being ignorant of the terms of the Convention with the Boers. Nor did Sir William Harcourt's disclosures about certain casks of cement help to whet the Commons' appetite for South African politics. A nervous M.P., pondering over the possibility of a modern Guy Fawkes lurking in the Westminster Palace cellarage, naturally regards the Transvaal with a secondary interest. But the worst of all Sir Michael's difficulties was the knowledge that, though he might speak with the tongues of men and of angels, there was certain to be a majority against him. Here we may pause, without irrelevance, to ask how many of our sovereign electors, who control the destinies of the nation, have read, or will read, the report of this debate. Not so many, we imagine, as those who devour every scrap of information about Mr. Lefroy. Most will be content to derive their opinion from a leading article or two; others, without reading at all, will remain fixed in the conviction that whatever Gladstone does must be right (or wrong, as the case may be). To return to the debate. That comparatively small section of the electorate which has studied it will, we think, generally allow that the arguments adduced by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were difficult to answer, and that the Government defence, in spite of the confusing side-issues which they tried to mix up with the main question, was lame and unsatisfactory. The charge against the Government was that, after levying war against the revolted Boers, they concluded an inglorious and perilous peace as soon as our troops had suffered two or three severe reverses. To this Mr. Gladstone replies, "Our reverses had nothing to do with it. We had offered peace before, as the dates of the telegrams show." Further examination, however, reveals that the Government—before the defeats, be it remembered—offered peace, *if the Boers would cease from armed opposition*. The most thorough-going despot could not demand a more practical proof of submission than this, nor would any one have blamed the Government if they had stuck to these conditions. The *gravamen* of the charge against them is that, after Majuba Hill, they practically surrendered everything to the Boers, just when the Boers were flushed with unanticipated victory. It is very difficult to believe that, if in those three engagements our troops had been as victorious as they were unfortunate, the Government would have displayed such Quaker-like magnanimity. They would have let the war go on, till the Boers were brought to their knees. They ought either to have done this, or have decided not to fight when they composed the Queen's Speech. By their vacillation they uselessly sacrificed a number of valuable lives, they lowered the national *prestige*, they inflicted grievous wrong on the Transvaal loyalists, nor will any Parliamentary majority, however large, serve to wipe out the stain from their reputation.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.—England has so many troubles in Ireland and South Africa that it is a relief to glance through the latest statistics which have reached us from India. They at least bring us into contact with no new facts of an unpleasant character. On the contrary, they indicate a thoroughly satisfactory advance in some of the most important elements of national welfare. In the course of three years, for instance, India has nearly doubled her exports of raw cotton; and since 1878-79 her exports of wheat have increased sixfold. The tea crops have been recently much injured by the "red spider," but the tea trade has, nevertheless, been fairly prosperous, and promises to be in a few years a very valuable source of profit. The Indian

tobacco trade also stands high; and although the quantity of tobacco produced has not lately increased, its quality is said to be steadily improving. The resources of India are practically unlimited, and these facts appear to indicate that they are at last beginning to be intelligently developed. The prudent application of capital is all that is needed to make her one of the richest countries in the world, and the conditions which attract capital were never more favourable than at the present moment. Not only is the country at peace, but many different classes of observers concur in the opinion that the natives are beginning to be satisfied with British rule, and to believe in its permanence. This state of things cannot, of course, be attributed to any single set of causes; it is due, in the main, to the general character of our administration ever since India came into our hands. But a good effect has unquestionably been produced by that Afghan War which, according to some party politicians, was to lead to such terrible consequences. It proved to the people of India that we are alive to the dangers by which our Empire is threatened, and that we have both the will and the power to maintain our position.

CIRCULARS.—Everybody who has the luck to be registered as the proprietor of shares in any public company finds himself inundated with the prospectuses of new schemes. The last few months, since the gold-mining mania started, have been especially prolific in this respect. Then there are the tradesmen's circulars. Wine merchants are especially fond of this form of advertising, and next to them, perhaps, come the drapers, who at this season have often bought the stock of some bankrupt (bankruptcy and drapery seem to run in couples) at an alarming sacrifice, and are benevolently prepared to resell it to you, your wife, and daughters at the ridiculously low figures appended (*vide price list*). Well, is there any inconvenience in all this? At first sight none, except for the overlaid postmen. If you don't care to invest in the gold mines, or even to read about them, you can throw the prospectuses into the waste-paper basket; and if the ladies of your household do not visit the establishment of that alarmingly sacrificial draper, they are at least edified in examining the little patterns which he encloses. But supposing—a not uncommon phenomenon at this season—you go abroad for a month or six weeks. That alters the aspect of affairs. You must either pay a lot of money for the transmission of what is to you uninteresting rubbish, or, if you trust the servants left at home to sort the circulars, they may throw away, or retain until it is too late for use, some valuable share allotment document which just looks like one of these pestilent circulars. A tax has been proposed, but if a halfpenny tax greatly lessened the number of circulars, it would not be worth collecting; and if it did not lessen them, the grievance would remain as annoying as it now is.

WORKMEN AND THE TRADES' GUILD OF LEARNING.—A meeting will be held on the 8th of August for the purpose of considering whether it would not be possible to reorganise the Trades' Guild of Learning. According to a circular issued by Lord Rosebery, Sir John Lubbock, and others, it is proposed that the Guild shall institute lectures on the higher departments of industry, and on the principles of Science and Art by which they ought to be controlled. It is also suggested that there should be arrangements in connection with the Guild for the instruction of working-men in subjects of a wider character. We know of few objects which deserve to be more heartily supported than this. The country is at last beginning to appreciate the necessity of thorough technical instruction, and we may soon expect to see many institutions which will compete with the best technical colleges of the Continent. There would, however, be a special advantage in having a "Guild" which would attempt to combine with technical education a system of lectures on matters of deeper and more general interest. Employers of skilled labour are invited to associate themselves with the scheme; and it may be hoped that a good many of them will have the sense and generosity to respond cordially to the appeal. But we see no reason why workmen, who, if the plan prospers, will chiefly benefit by it, should not be expected to take an active part in the undertaking. The trades' societies have large funds at their disposal, and some portion of their wealth could not be more wisely expended than in an effort to improve the intellectual condition of the working classes. If London workmen were to secure the success of this experiment, the workmen of many other cities would probably be inspired to follow their example.

COTTAGE BREWING.—One of the most objectionable tendencies of modern life is the gradual extinction of old-fashioned domestic industries. There was a time when people—at all events those who lived in the country—prepared nearly everything on their own premises, and were dependent for very little on the outer world. Bit by bit these home industries are dying out, and the modern farmer and cottager buys from the professional producer much which his forefathers made at home. Home-baked bread is rarer than it used to be; and, judging from our own experience in the counties near London, domestic brewing, which thirty or forty years ago was a familiar sight and odour, has succumbed before the enterprise of the man who makes it the business of his life. Now, it must be admitted that every now and then one gets a bad batch—heavy and sour—of home-made bread; and in like manner thunderstorms or other atmospheric phenomena are accused of spoiling the home-brewed

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beer. The professional manufacturer, of course, also endures these mishaps, but he keeps them to himself. The public won't buy damaged goods. Whereas, when we bake and brew at home, we compel ourselves to eat and drink (albeit with a wry face) the product, even when it does not come up to the mark of good housekeeping. Still we should be sorry, for several reasons, if these home-industries disappeared, especially the brewing of beer, and therefore we are pleased to learn from Mr. Fielden's interesting letter in Tuesday's *Times* that there is still a good deal of cottage brewing in Yorkshire. His letter deserves to be reprinted and widely circulated among country people, many of whom are probably unaware that, since the repeal of the Malt Tax, upon payment of a six-shilling licence, they may brew as much beer as they please for home use, and thus get their favourite beverage much cheaper, the saving for an average household being about thirty shillings a year under the new system of taxation. And, if they are skilful, the home-brewed ale will be quite as palatable, and probably more wholesome than that supplied by the publican or the brewer.

NOTICE.—the Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 116 and 125.



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS.
MR. A. GWYLLYM CROWE has the honour to announce that the ANNUAL SERIES OF PROMENADE CONCERTS, under his sole direction, will COMMENCE at the above Establishment on SATURDAY, August 6.
Full Particulars will be duly announced.

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—SUMMER SEASON (under the Management of Mr. Carlton). New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by A. W. Pinero, entitled IMPRUDENCE, preceded at 7.30 by HIS LAST LEGS. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. A. Redwood, Mr. G. L. Gordon, Mr. Hugh Moss, Mr. W. H. Gilbert, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Compton, Miss Emily Miller, Miss Laura Lindon, and Miss Kate Bishop. Musical Director, Mr. Barrow. Acting Manager, Mr. F. Cavendish Macdonnell. No Booking Fees. First Morning Performance, Bank Holiday, August 1, at 2.30.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Every Evening at Seven, CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. Trial Scene MERCHANT OF VENICE. Miscellaneous Entertainment. Scene from KING JOHN. AND THE CRITIC. Messrs. E. H. Brooke, T. Mead, Macklin, G. W. Moore, E. Lyons, R. Lyons; Mesdames Brooke, Leclercq, Lyons, Morley, St. John, Spiller, &c.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.
GREAT HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven (Wednesday excepted), THE MARINER'S COMPASS. Misses Adams, Lewis; Messrs. Howe, Newbound, Bigwood. CONCERT. Concluding with MAZEPPA. Wednesday, Benefit of Miss Bertha Adams.

GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.
EVERY EVENING, WILLIAM TELL. Mr. J. H. Clydes, Messrs. G. Sennett, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames M. Arnold, &c. Preceded, at Seven, by EAST LYNNE. Messrs. Monkhouse, Parker, &c.; Mesdames M. Verner, Victor, &c.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.
—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NVE CHART.—On Monday, August 1, for Six Nights only, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S Company in WHERE'S THE CAT? preceded by BRAVE HEARTS.

THE NATIONAL BANK HOLIDAY.
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.
TO-MORROW, MONDAY, AUGUST 1st,
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Twice on Bank Holiday (40) at their Old Quarters (40), Agricultural Hall. Afternoon at Three (40), Evening at Eight (40), New Songs, New Jokes, New Sketches, New Dances (40). Everything New. Forty Performances (40).

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GREAT MASTERS.—"CAVE CANEM," Briton Riviere, R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." "SYMPATHY," Briton Riviere, R.A. This beautiful Picture, engraved by F. Stackpole, Esq. Artist's Proofs on View. "Nearly all gone." The Press says it is one of Briton Riviere's most brilliant achievements. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

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THE WIMBLEDON MEETING

A DESCRIPTION of Camp Life will be found on page 115, so that here we need only note that the prizes were distributed on Saturday last by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince and their three daughters. The various prize winners received their full share of applause as they came up to the platform, Mr. F. Hyde, the American winner of the Albert, and Private Beck, of the 3rd Devon, the Queen's Prizeman, being the chief favourites. Portraits of these gentlemen, and also of Captain Caldwell, the winner of the "Grand Aggregate," and of Captain Ingram, the Silver Medallist, are amongst our sketches, the remainder of which are sufficiently explained by their respective titles. In the evening about 200 Volunteer commanding officers were entertained by the Lord Mayor at a banquet at the Mansion House, the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Elcho being the chief speakers.

THE FUNERAL OF DEAN STANLEY

ON Monday an extraordinary multitude of representative men of all ranks of society, and every shade of religious thought, assembled in Westminster Abbey to witness the funeral of the late Dean, and to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. The crowd was so great that when the doors were opened there was for a moment or two an unseemly and somewhat dangerous struggle, accompanied by screams from the women; but order was soon restored, and the building was quickly filled to its utmost capacity. The chief mourner was Dr. Vaughan, the late Dean's brother-in-law, and amongst the invited mourners were men of all creeds, notably Cardinals Manning and Newman (these two did not come), the Premier, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, judges, bishops, members of Parliament, and men eminent in Literature and Art. The pall-bearers were the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of Exeter, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. W. H. Smith, Canon Westcott, the Master of Balliol, Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Storey, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Spottiswoode. Her Majesty the Queen was represented by Lord Thurlow and Sir H. Ponsonby, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Christian attended in person. During the morning the coffin stood in the drawing-room at the Deanery, and there was a constant flow of visitors with floral offerings, most notable amongst which were the magnificent wreath of China roses sent by the Queen as "a mark of sincere affection and high esteem;" crosses and wreaths from other members of the Royal Family, and others sent by the Armenians, the Americans, and the French Protestants. The procession left the Deanery a few minutes before four o'clock, and passed by the West Cloister door into the Abbey, where the first part of the Burial Service was read by Canon Prothero, the choral music of Croft and Purcell being used. The procession was then reformed, and the coffin borne to King Henry VII.'s Chapel, where it was lowered into the grave which already contained the remains of Lady Augusta Stanley, the concluding part of the Service being performed by Canon Farrar and the Sub-Dean. The grave was kept open until eight that evening, and all next day, and was visited by thousands of persons, many of whom deposited floral tributes. The coffin was of polished oak, with a brass plate inscribed simply with the name of the late Dean, and the dates of his birth and death. The vault is situated in the Montpensier Chapel, or the north-eastern recess of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL AND SANITARY EXHIBITION

THIS interesting exhibition has been organised by the Committee of the Parkes Museum of Hygiene in anticipation of the International Congress of Medical Men which is to be held next month in London. The collection includes all the best known and novel sanitary and medical appliances, contributed by some 450 firms, and embraces a very wide range. Thus in one section we see surgical apparatus, and in another appliances for the drainage and ventilation of ordinary dwelling-houses; here we find models of ambulances for the battle-field, and there again a series of hospital beds from the various London hospitals, fitted with the most improved mechanical inventions for rendering the sufferer more comfortable in his hours of sickness. It is this portion of the exhibition which has been chiefly chosen by our artist for illustration. Thus in his two first sketches he depicts the method of treating croup and other throat complaints in St. Mary's and Guy's Hospitals. A moist atmosphere being necessary, steam is supplied from a small boiler, and is kept around the patient by means of a small tent erected over him. In the third illustration, however, we are transported to the battle-field, and shown what can be improvised in an emergency. Thus the wounded man's arm and leg, which are supposed to be injured, are kept in proper position by means of a Snider rifle and a couple of bayonets. In No. 4 we are taken back to civilised hospital life. Good bathing is one of the essential requirements of a hospital, and by an admirable mechanical arrangement, in use at the Middlesex Hospital, a patient, however helpless he may be, can be transferred from his bed and swung in a species of litter by a most ingenious crane contrivance into his bath with ease and comfort.

The unfortunate dummy in the last sketch, and who lies in a bed from the London Hospital, has apparently met with an accident which has caused him serious injuries. Above his head hangs a frame holding the papers which concern his case, headed by the name of the well-known surgeon, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. Over his knees is an iron erection, known as a cradle, to keep the bed-clothes off his wounded limb, which is dressed in splints and bandages. The weight hung at the end of the bed is constantly extending his legs and assisting in his cure. His head also is bandaged, and kept cool by a bag of ice. In such a condition he is most fortunate in having a bed in the London Hospital, where he certainly receives the most skilled treatment for his injuries, as, through its situation at the manufacturing end of the Metropolis, this institution receives as many accidents as any other three hospitals in London. Hospital wards and surgical appliances apart, we should strongly recommend all householders to visit the Exhibition, as it contains an immense variety of ventilators, of slow combustion grates, and of simple dwelling-house appurtenances, which, if adopted, would not only lead to improved health, but to a great economy of household expenditure. Amongst other contributions we may mention a model of Dr. Siemens' Crematory Furnace, and of a number of designs of the various systems of cremation, and a room lighted by Balmain's luminous paint.

UNIVERSITY FÊTE AT UTRECHT

THIS festival is held once in five years to commemorate the entrance into the Netherlands on January 18th, 1578, of the Archduke Matthias of Austria, to sign the Treaty of Alliance known as the Utrecht Union, which led to the expulsion of the Spaniards, and to the independence of the Northern Netherlands. The Utrecht students re-enact the grand pageant which then took place. The costumes are exactly modelled after those worn at the time,

each student takes a particular character, and a grand procession is formed, which marches round the town. Our engraving is from a sketch (by Miss Ellen C. Hill) which was taken on the 28th ult., but the festivities last for a week, during which time the Archduke's *fac simile* holds Court, and, among the rest of the world, even some of the Royal Family come to kiss his hand. This character can only be supported by a young man of wealth. This year's representative paid 800*l.* for his suit of gold armour, with its plumes of black and gold, besides his horse and its trappings. The suit, both of man and horse, exactly resembled that of the Emperor Maximilian in the Tower of London.

The procession was formed in the open space between the Great West Tower and the Choir of Utrecht Cathedral. The Nave, which once united the two, was blown down by a hurricane in 1674. The sketch represents the moment when the Triumphal Car was brought out from its hiding-place under the Great Tower. Besides the beauty of the mediæval costumes, those of the Dutch spectators were very interesting.

GRAND POWDER BALL AT BESTWOOD LODGE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

DURING the recent visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, K.G., to Nottingham, his Grace the Duke of St. Alban's, Lord Lieutenant of the County, gave a grand Powder Ball in honour of the occasion at Bestwood Lodge, to which, in addition to the suite of the Prince and the visitors at Bestwood Lodge, some three hundred of the *élite* of the town and county were invited.

On the arrival of the guests the grounds presented a most beautiful appearance, the lawns and terraces being brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of coloured lamps, and the conservatory tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns and other effective lights. Indoors, in addition to a splendid table spread in a large refreshment room, an excellent supper was served in the dining-room.

The large drawing-room, with its superb decorations, charming mirrors, pictures of rare value, and inlaid cabinets full of costly gems, had been extemporised as a ball-room, and on this occasion presented the most magnificent and animated spectacle that has been witnessed in the county for many years. The pictures in this room deserve a passing notice. In the centre hangs a magnificent portrait of Prince Rupert by Vandyke, and next to it one of Charles I. by the Scotch artist Jamesone, and with which the King was so pleased that he took a diamond ring from his finger and presented it to the artist; on the opposite wall to these is a very fine picture of Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely, with one of his celebrated spaniels introduced, and beside him a picture of the twentieth and last of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, and adjoining this a portrait of his daughter and heiress, Diana De Vere, who was married to the first Duke of St. Alban's; at the further end of the room hangs a beautiful painting of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, when quite a young man; the walls generally are well covered with other interesting pictures of the Stuarts and the De Veres, Berkeleys, and other families with which the Dukes of St. Alban's have been intermarried, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and other celebrated artists.

The ceiling of this room is of polished pitch pine, handsomely decorated by Mr. Crace, whilst the chimney-pieces of English alabaster, inlaid with Salvati mosaics, present a very unique and imposing appearance. The ball was throughout a great success, the illustrious dancers being dressed with the most charming taste, for the most part in the various Court costumes of a hundred years ago; here and there, however, the scarlet and gold of the Lord-Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenants of the county, and the varied uniforms of military and naval officers, added greatly to the brilliancy and grandeur of the assembly.

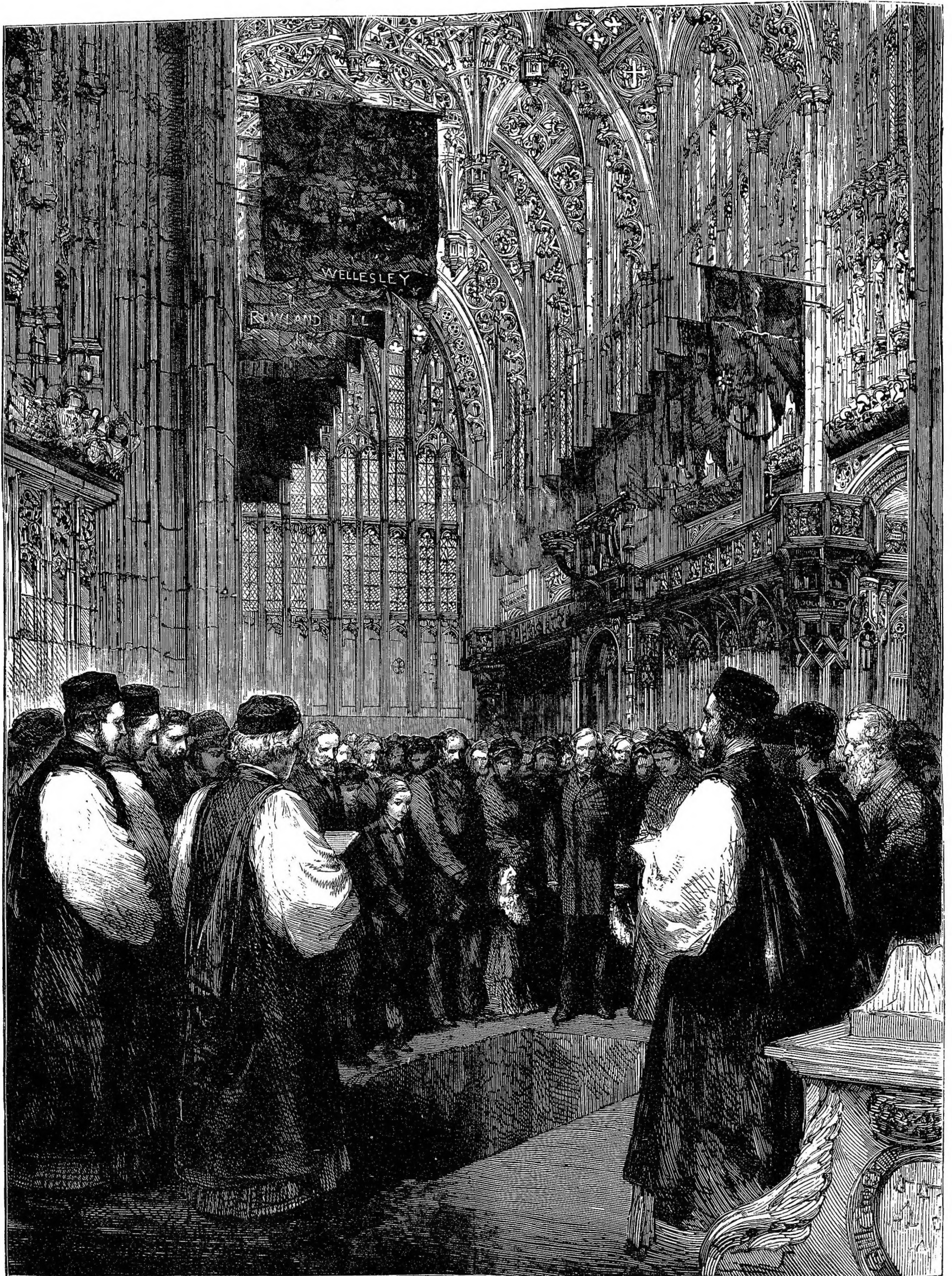
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BRIGHTON

As soon as it was definitively announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales would visit Brighton in order to open the Hospital for Sick Children, the Municipality and townspeople determined to give them a right royal welcome. Moreover, it was arranged that the Prince and Princess should not merely confine their labours to the inauguration ceremony, but that they should drive throughout the length of the magnificent sea front which has justly procured for Brighton the title of Queen of Watering Places, and further should visit those two popular Bournemouthian lions the Pavilion and the Aquarium. Accordingly on Thursday week the streets of Brighton were beflagged and decorated to the utmost, while welcoming mottoes in English, Welsh, and Danish were displayed in every direction. The Prince and Princess and their three daughters arrived at the station shortly after half-past eleven, and were received by the Mayor and Corporation and by a Guard of Honour formed of young seamen from the *St. Vincent*, of a detachment of the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, and of Yeomanry. After the inevitable address and reply a procession was formed, and the Royal party drove to the Hospital for Sick Children which has been built in the Dyke Road. There they were received with another address, and the Prince, having been presented with a golden key, declared the hospital open. A prayer from the Bishop of Chichester followed, and next a number of ladies presented purses to the Princess, containing contributions towards the funds of the institution. The Prince and Princess then visited the wards, saying a few kind words to each patient. The hospital is built in the Queen Anne style—of red brick and terra-cotta dressings and mouldings, and has accommodation for seventy-four beds. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess drove to Hove, and then along the whole length of sea front, where the decorations extended literally to the water's edge, to Eastern Terrace, where they halted, and lunched with Sir Albert Sassoon. After lunch the Prince and Princess went to the Aquarium, where they stayed nearly an hour, being presented at the close of their visit with a handsomely-bound book of photographs of the natural and architectural features of the establishment. The Royal party next visited the Aquarium, and then drove to the railway station, and returned to London. Brighton, however, continued its festivities, the streets being brilliantly illuminated, and there being a torchlight procession in fancy dress.

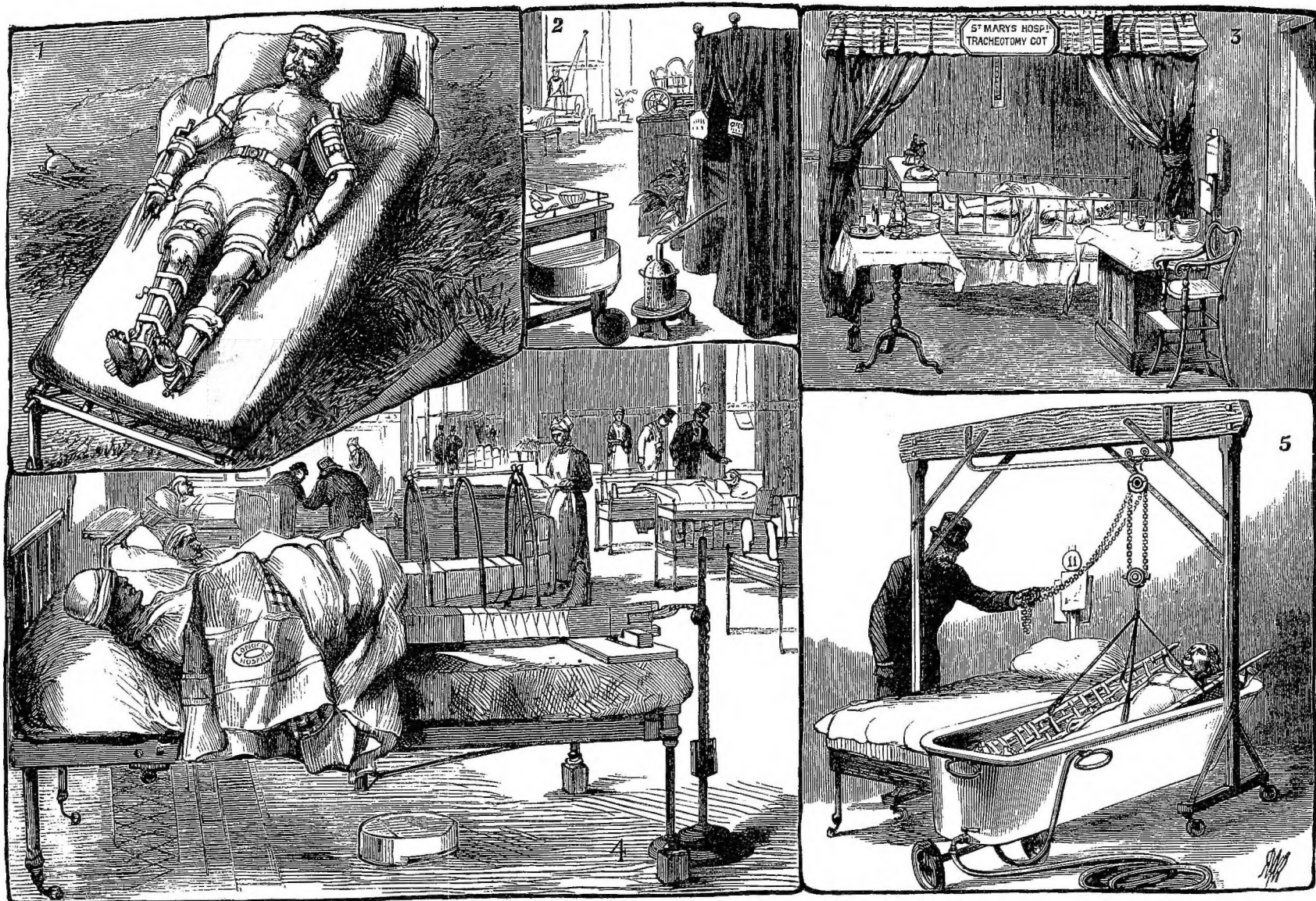
NOTES AT GOODWOOD

GOODWOOD, as a racing centre, is not what it was in the days of Lord George Bentinck. The absence of the ruder sporting element used to make the meeting especially enjoyable; but gradually, owing to increased facility of communication, the rough foundout Goodwood as he had previously foundout Ascot. The decline of Goodwood, however, is owing to deeper causes than this. Horse-racing, as a sport, and a very noble and exciting sport, has ceased to arouse the genuine and hearty interest which it aroused half a century ago. It has become more and more a mere vehicle for gambling. As a society resort, however, Goodwood has not ceased to be fashionable, and will probably long remain so. The course stands on a beautiful plateau, commanding a magnificent prospect, and backed by stately trees. Hither on Tuesday came a host of notabilities, indeed everybody who is anybody in the world of fashion was to be found on the terrace overlooking the course.

This year, partly owing to the hardness of the ground caused by the drought, the number of horses competing for the principal events has been sadly reduced. The acceptances for the Stakes was very small; and still greater disappointment was caused by the withdrawal from the Cup contest of such a pair of rivals as Robert the Devil and Bend Or. Let us hope, nevertheless, that for a good many years yet to come Goodwood may be spared the ignominy of being reduced to a gate-money meeting.

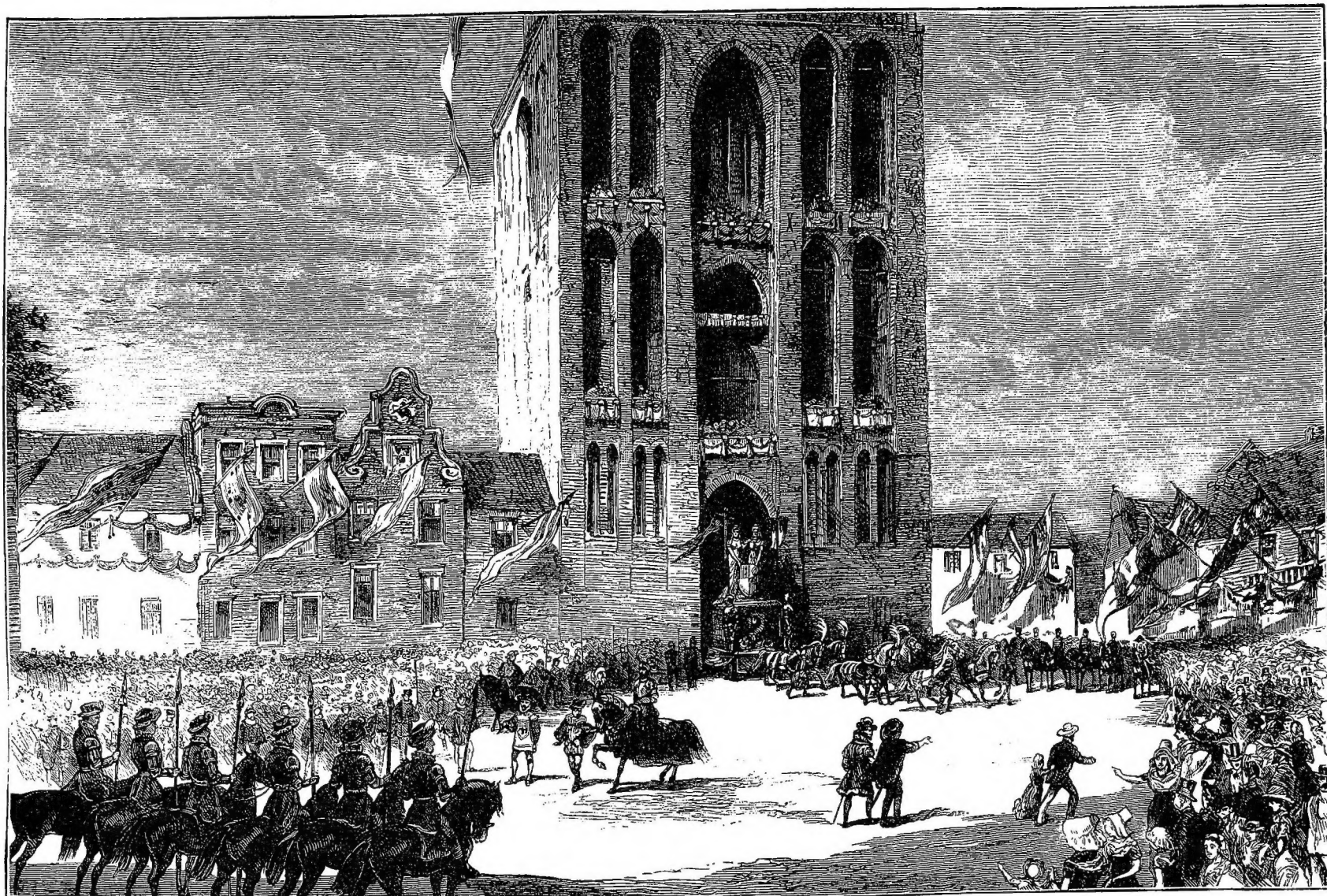


THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DEAN STANLEY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY—AT THE GRAVE IN KING HENRY VII'S CHAPEL



1. Extremepore Dressing on the Battlefield.—2. Ward Tent and Apparatus for Steaming Throat and Bronchial Cases, Guy's Hospital.—3. Ditto, St. Mary's Hospital.—4. A Bad Accident Case: London Hospital.—5. Bath Lift: Middlesex Hospital.

NOTES AT THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY AND MEDICAL EXHIBITION



THE UNIVERSITY FÊTE AT UTRECHT

Our sketches pretty well speak for themselves. The mixed character of a modern Goodwood meeting is indicated by the top drawing, which would be equally representative of the road to the Derby. A great change from the good old days, when those who came to see the sport were nearly all either "quality" or Sussex peasantry. And in those days Goodwood would scarcely have been honoured by the presence of this idiotic "Arry," who justly arouses the contempt of his flunkies. "The Lawn" still remains an oasis of agreeable exclusiveness, of well-dressed and well-mannered men and women. The antiquary of some future century may fix the date of this page of sketches by the Japanese fan-seller, a social fact indicating the tropical July of 1881. In the last sketch we have, side by side, the preparations for two very dissimilar *al fresco* repasts—the conventional race-luncheon, with its footman, lobster salad, and champagne; and the caravan dinner, with its pots and pans, one of which we will freely wager contains a by no means unsavoury stew.

"WON IN A CANTER"

SANDOWN PARK, now the fashionable and pretty race-ground, of about 130 acres in extent, situated near Esher, was in old times the site of the hospital of that name, founded by Robert de Waterville (temp. Henry II.). The Masters and Brethren were all swept off by the Plague in 1348, though the chapel was in existence until comparatively recent times. The ground forming Sandown Park has been laid out specially for horse-racing, but space is provided for polo, croquet, and other open-air pastimes. There are three courses, one for flat-races, another for steeple-chases, and a new five-furlong course, which is at some distance from the Club Stand. Above the flat course is a terrace on which are four Grand Stands, respectively for Royalty, subscribers, the public, and the Press. A little beyond the last is the judge's seat. Beyond the stands, the ground rises into a wooded knoll, on which are pleasant walks shaded by groves of beech, elm, and fir. The Park was opened, and the first race meeting held, on April 22nd, 1875.

Mr. Charlton's picture, "Won in a Canter," is self-explanatory.

EXMOOR PONIES AT BAMPTON FAIR

BAMPTON is a small secluded town, imbedded among hills, in a singularly beautiful country, on the borders of Devon and Somerset, and about seven miles from Tiverton. It is also not far from the southern end of Exmoor, that wild, elevated, heathy region, where are to be found wild red deer, black game, flocks of diminutive sheep, and herds of shaggy, wild-eyed, unkempt ponies, little larger than Newfoundland dogs. They are said to be a breed of the native English horse. Four fairs are annually held in Bampton, in March, June, October, and November respectively. The October fair, which is held on the last Thursday in the month, is the largest, and as many as 14,000 sheep have been brought to it. A large number of the aforesaid ponies are also disposed of on these occasions. During fair time the doors, windows, and passages are carefully barricaded as a precaution against the inroads of terrified ponies and their shouting drivers. One of our sketches represents a bumpkin, armed with a medieval battle-axe, demanding toll, a chain being stretched across the bridge to prevent the impetuous onrush of ponydom. To the unwary wayfarer in gig or other vehicle, this chain has sometimes caused a capsize, and on the occasion of our artist's visit a mob of ponies, being pooled back by this trenchant tax-gatherer, crashed through some hurdles set up to keep the way, and rushed violently down a steep place into the swollen torrent beneath. They were half-drowned, and wholly terrified. The ponies, though very roughly handled, being slung about by the scruff of the neck or the root of the tail, are in the main (no pun intended) good-tempered, and rarely revenge themselves by biting or kicking. At the same time the scene at the auction sales is rather less orderly than at Tattersall's. When it is needful to extract an individual pony from the frightened huddled mob, as soon the distinctive number of the animal has been ascertained, a couple of stalwart fellows throw themselves into the equine mass, and a regular tussle ensues, indeed, it is said, that if the ponies only knew how to wrestle they would never be caught. Sometimes man is a-top, and sometimes pony, but in the end the biped always wins. Within an hour or so the stout little creatures may be seen harnessed to railway trucks, thus acquiring, for the first time in their lives, the rudiments of the art of "drawing."

THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT OF SFAX

LAST week we illustrated the first stage of the bombardment of the forts which the insurgent Arabs of Sfax had seized and were holding against the French, and we now engrave a sketch of the bombardment on July 15th, the day preceding the landing of the French troops and the capture of the town. This bombardment was most severe, the French squadron consisting of seven ironclads supported by five gun-boats. Not only were the forts and the shore batteries which the Arabs had constructed to repulse any attempt at landing completely levelled, but the town itself appears to have been greatly injured by the shells.

Our artist writes: "The bombardment began at 5 A.M. and ended at 3 P.M. The fire was deliberate and destructive; altogether about 500 large projectiles were fired. The forts facing the sea are nearly all levelled, and great preparations are now being made for the landing; the ironclads are getting their yards into the water for the purpose of constructing rafts." On July 16th he writes: "Sfax is taken after some rather sharp fighting. The bombardment this morning was very heavy, and covered the boats containing the landing parties. It lasted an hour, and nearly a thousand large projectiles were fired landwards." The Arabs appear to have fought desperately, and to have retreated within the town house by house and garden by garden, keeping up their firing until the evening of the 17th inst., when the French gained complete possession of the district.

THE NEW LIVERPOOL WATERWORKS

FOR washing, for manufacturing, for street-watering, and for various other purposes, the modern man needs far more water than his ancestors did. Then our modern cities have grown greatly in size, and, as the country round them has also become more and more thickly peopled, it has become needful to go far afield for an adequate and wholesome store of water. Thus Manchester seized upon Thirlmere, one of the English lakes. The scheme was much abused by Mr. Ruskin and other lovers of the picturesque, though it is doubtful whether the intended reservoir would really spoil the scenery. However, the project is not yet put into execution.

Meanwhile, Liverpool, later in the field, is likely to get her new waterworks sooner completed than her smoky sister on the other side of Chat Moss. Till within the last five-and-twenty years Liverpool was supplied by wells, sunk into the New Red sandstone, and yielding excellent water. As, however, the town waxed in size, two evils arose. The water, pure hitherto, became fouled; and there was not enough of it. Then the works in the Rivington Hills were made. But they soon proved insufficient. Liverpool, especially in the dry year 1865, ran imminent risk of a water famine, so at last the Corporation resolved to construct works which should suffice for the City on the Mersey, however big she might grow.

In the Berwyn Mountains, near Bala Lake, there is a long narrow tract of valley, 800 feet above the sea. Into this valley flow innumerable rivulets from the mountain sides, which unite to form the River Vyrnwy (pronounced Verniew). The mouth of this valley is to be closed, not by the old-fashioned embankment of earth

and puddled clay, but by a buttressed wall of solid masonry. Thus there will be formed an artificial lake five miles long and one mile broad, capable of furnishing a daily supply of fifty-two million gallons, which will be conveyed to Liverpool by an aqueduct sixty-seven miles long, passing through Oswestry, Delamere Forest, and across the Mersey near Runcorn. Hereafter, if needful, two other rivers can be turned into the Vyrnwy Reservoir. The portion of the scheme which is now being undertaken will cost a million and a quarter sterling, but, if it answers as well as is expected, Liverpool will be able to do without her magnificent reservoirs at Rivington, which can be handed over to other thirsty Lancashire towns. The engineers of the works are Mr. Thomas Hawksley, of London, and Mr. George F. Deacon, of Liverpool.

On the 14th inst. a large party of gentlemen, members of the Corporation and of other public bodies in Liverpool, went by special train to Llanfyllin Station, and thence over rough mountain roads to Vyrnwy. Arrived on the site of the retaining embankment, the Earl of Powis, the chief landowner in the neighbourhood, laid the foundation-stone, a huge and ponderous mass of granite, the silver trowel and mallet being handed to him by Mr. W. B. Forwood, the Mayor of Liverpool.

The work has already been practically begun, and it is promised that, four years hence, the Vyrnwy water will be delivered in Liverpool. The work will be the largest of the kind in Europe, and will suffice for 2,300,000 people.—Our engravings are from photographs by Robinson and Thompson, 57, Church-street, Liverpool.



THE APPROACHING END OF THE SESSION.—The Ministerial Banquet at the Mansion House is announced for Saturday next, the 6th inst. Mr. Gladstone and the members of his Cabinet have been invited to a banquet at the Crystal Palace, to be given by the Liberal party in testimony of its grateful sense of the policy of peace, progress, retrenchment, and freedom at home and abroad, which has characterised their retention of office, but the Premier having replied that he is under medical advice to avoid public banquets as much as possible, the demonstration has been postponed.

BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.—Earl Granville has issued a Circular to Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents abroad, announcing that in future the British Government will make no pecuniary advances whatever to effect the ransom of British subjects who, while in pursuit of their own business or pleasure, may happen to be captured by brigands. This decision has arisen out of the cases of Colonel Synge and Mr. Suter, but it applies not only to the Turkish Empire, but to other countries also.

THE DISCOVERY OF INFERNAL MACHINES at Liverpool, the first announcement of which was received with mingled alarm and incredulity, has unhappily received official confirmation. Two consignments were sent in different vessels, the one consisting of six, the other of four, boxes, concealed in barrels of cement, and each containing a powerful explosive, with a clockwork contrivance for its ignition. They were shipped at Boston, but by whom and to whom consigned will now probably never be discovered. Now that the first flush of panic is wearing off, men are beginning to ask themselves whether it is not most likely that they were sent for the express purpose of creating a sensation. Anyway, it is satisfactory to note that the employment of such abominable engines of destruction is almost universally condemned by the Irish and the American Press, and that even some of the Fenian leaders themselves are anxious to repudiate all connection with the supposed plot, whilst the United States Government are already co-operating with our own in the endeavour to trace out the guilty parties. This being so we can afford to treat with deserved contempt the boastful utterances of such gentlemen as O'Donovan Rossa and Redpath.

IRELAND.—The most interesting item of news is the report of the Land League meeting on Tuesday, at which Mr. Sexton, M.P., said that the passing of the Land Bill would not break up the organisation, whose business it was to exterminate landlordism, not to change it to some more tolerable shape; and Mr. Redpath, remarking that it was time Americans should cease to be mealy-mouthed, called Sir W. Harcourt a liar, a slanderer, and a coward, for seeking to identify Devoy and himself with destruction-working schemes. He added that he had opposed Fenian schemes in America only because he thought that at present England could not be conquered by physical revolution. A strange story comes from Dublin of the discovery on Sunday night of a quantity of fire-arms by some policemen, who subsequently fell asleep while lying in ambush for the persons to whom they belonged, and awoke to find that their seizure had "mysteriously disappeared." Fresh reports of eviction disturbances continue to come in, and at Loughrea, County Galway, on Sunday night, a policeman was shot dead in the streets. At the Cork Assizes last week Mr. Justice Barry, after five days of fruitless trials (the juries acquitting or disagreeing in spite of the most convincing evidence), adjourned the remainder of the cases until the next assize.

MR. GOSCHEN was on Wednesday entertained at a banquet at the City Liberal Club on his return from Constantinople. In response to the toast of his health, after alluding to his early political relations with the City of London, and to his three years' experience at the Admiralty, he referred to his second mission to Constantinople, giving a vivid and elaborate account of the difficulties surrounding the Turkish Empire, which it was the duty of the Ambassadors to lessen or remove. The Earl of Cork, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir C. Dilke, and Mr. Grant Duff were amongst the speakers.

MR. BRADLAUGH has suffered another defeat in the Law Courts, but nothing daunted has given notice of appeal, and also commenced an action against Mr. Newdegate for the crime of "maintenance," i.e., "providing money or otherwise aiding in the prosecution of a suit in which he is not personally a party." On Tuesday next Mr. Bradlaugh means to hold a great demonstration in Trafalgar Square, although the Home Secretary says that the police have seen no announcement of the meeting; and Wednesday is the day on which his threatened attempt to force his way into the House will be made.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS, which is to be held next week, will, it is expected, be attended by about 2,000 medical men, 800 of whom will come from foreign countries, European and American. The general meetings will be held at St. James's Hall, where Sir J. Paget will deliver the inaugural address on the 3rd August. The sectional meetings will take place at the Royal Institution, the University of London, Burlington House, and the Asiatic Society's Rooms. On the 4th August the delegates will dine with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and on the 6th (Saturday next) Earl Granville will hold a reception of the foreign delegates.

THE GUNPOWDER MAGAZINES AT LIVERPOOL.—An Admiralty Committee is now holding an inquiry concerning the alleged danger to life and property which is incurred by mooring the floating powder magazines in the Mersey off Bebbington. It appears that in 1851, when the vessels were first placed there, the site was considered quite safe, but during the past thirty years many houses have been built, and the locality has become thickly populated, and it is urged that on this account the hulks should be

removed to another part of the river, where there are fewer habitations on the banks.

THE COBDEN CLUB held its annual meeting on Friday last, when special reference was made to the existing agitation in favour of "Reciprocity;" but confidence was expressed in ultimate victory if the battle of Free Trade had to be fought over again. It was announced that the annual Club dinner at Greenwich would this year be foregone.

A TERRIBLE STORM broke over the Shetland Isles on the morning of Thursday last week. Many fishing-boats were out at the time, and some of these returned with stories of extraordinary escapes from the fury of the gale. No fewer than twenty-six boats are still missing, and, though it is just possible that some of them may have reached the outlying stations in safety, there is every reason to suppose that seventy lives have been lost. A committee has been formed at Lerwick for the relief of the destitute relatives, and subscriptions will be forwarded to them by the Secretary of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge.

LONDON FOOD MARKETS.—By the addition of a clause to the Money Bill of the Metropolitan Board of Works, power is given to the Board to inquire into the whole question of the London food supply, and to submit to Parliament a scheme for its improvement. Sir T. Nelson, the City Solicitor, is uneasy at this threatened interference with the monopoly of the Corporation; but the evidence now being given before the Corporation Committee on the Fish Supply is amply sufficient to show that reform is urgently needed.

THE NEW DOCK AT LEITH.—On Monday the Royal Naval Reserve Squadron, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in Leith Roads, and on Tuesday His Royal Highness received the Provost and Town Council on board H.M.S. *Hercules*, and subsequently opened the New Dock, to which he gave the name of "Edinburgh."

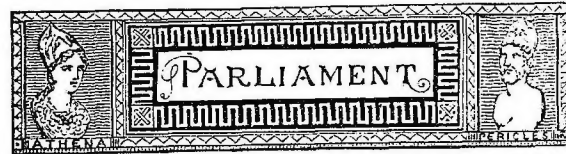
A CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOR LONDON.—The Lord Mayor and a number of mercantile gentlemen, who think it desirable to form a Chamber of Commerce for the City of London, have held a preliminary meeting, and appointed a committee to consider the necessary organisation.

THE MAYORS AND MAYORESSES of the provincial towns of the United Kingdom were entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Wednesday and Friday (yesterday), and on Thursday the Lady Mayoress gave a reception in their honour.

THE WOOLWICH ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY prizes were on Monday distributed by the Duke of Cambridge, who, in addressing the cadets, said he was far from satisfied with their conduct. He was at a loss to understand how young men claiming to be gentlemen could disgrace themselves by ungentlemanly behaviour. Discipline was the first principle of a soldiers' life, and he must and he would have it; for if it came not voluntarily it would be enforced. As to their examination, the list of marks extending from 46,000 down to 18,000 was too wide a range for congratulation, and he could not refrain from saying that they ought to have done better.

THE FREE LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY in Kennington Lane was opened for the new term on Friday last by the Lord Mayor, who, however, expressed his disapprobation of the intended Sunday opening, not on religious grounds, but because he thought that every man, woman, and child should have one day of rest in the week.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND narrowly escaped being run over at Chichester Railway Station on Monday. He was crossing the line at the moment when the train conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales came up, and was pulled on to the platform by the station-master just in time to save his life.



AT an early hour on Saturday morning the Irish Land Bill passed through Committee, having engrossed thirty-two sittings of the House of Commons. On Monday the House, temporarily relieved from the incubus that has so long weighed it down, indulged in one of the old-fashioned and now rare debates, in which the Outs formally arraign the policy of the Ins. After so long a period of unintermittent and monotonous labour the House might reasonably have looked for pleasanter relaxation. Debates like that initiated on Monday by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are always of the saddest complexion. The performance partakes of the character of the exercise of climbing the treadmill, inasmuch as a good deal seems to be going on, whilst there is no appreciable result. Members came down to the House on Monday with the conviction that they were about to assist, if not at a farce, at a ceremony. Nothing that could be said could reverse the policy of the Government in the past, nor affect it in the future. The whole thing was cut and dried, even to the speeches, which on the whole were much more dry than cutting.

At the outset Sir Michael Hicks-Beach smothered the concern in a weight of words. He cast over the debate a pall, from the melancholy influence and association of which it did not recover throughout the sitting. At no period of his career has the ex-Colonial Secretary achieved renown as a Parliamentary speaker. His style is verbose, and his manner monotonous. Exceptionally oppressed with the responsibility of his position, he on Monday developed the worst tendencies of his habitual manner. He spoke for an hour and a half, in the beginning to a moderately-full House. But before the end was reached he had thinned out the benches in all parts, leaving a beggarly array for his successor, Baron de Worms. Even the peers, who having nothing to do in their own House had visited the other, were driven away by the funereal eloquence of the right hon. baronet, albeit they are not too much accustomed in their own House to lively or incisive oratory.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had proposed a resolution which condemned root and branch the Ministerial policy in the Transvaal. It was met by an amendment, moved by Mr. Rathbone, in which that policy was unreservedly approved and enthusiastically applauded. Like the speeches of the mover and seconder of the resolution, that of the mover of the amendment was a carefully-prepared paper on politics in the Transvaal. Till Mr. Chamberlain rose there really was nothing of debate about the proceedings. Hon. and right hon. gentlemen, with the assistance of notes, presented a *rechauffé* of all those arguments, *pro* and *con*, of which people who read the newspapers are already sick to death. Mr. Chamberlain, one of the few living men who closely followed the speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from preamble to peroration, really delivered a debating speech—that is to say, he took up point by point the statements of the right hon. baronet, and more or less successfully answered them. Mr. Gladstone's speech was, of course, also a debating speech, though in some passages, least attentively heard, it betrayed evidences of more than usual measure of preparation. Sir Stafford Northcote completes the list of participants in the evening's performance who really debated the question in the Parliamentary sense of the word. Most read papers, which the House would willingly have taken as read, or, if it had been possible, would have preferred to hear by proxy through the medium of some of the provincial Parliamentary debating societies.

The whole interest of the evening lay in the division. How many men the Conservative Whips could bring up in these last days of July, and how many Liberals would rally round their chief on this critical issue, was of much more importance than the fourthly or fifthly of the lecturers. Mr. Gladstone rose at midnight, and spoke for an hour, quite a moderate appropriation of time as compared with the tremendous efforts of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Rathbone. He had a crowded and even an animated assembly. But when he sat down members somewhat discourteously testified to the lack of general interest in the topic by leaving the House as Sir Stafford Northcote rose to reply. The right hon. baronet spoke under much difficulty, conversation buzzing around him, and members coming and going, and evidently impatient for the division. These are conditions which invariably appeal to the eccentric taste of Mr. O'Donnell. There are various preferences displayed for particular hours for joining in the debate. A prized position (much sought after by Mr. Arthur Arnold before he was finally snubbed) is five o'clock, or as near that hour as questions may be over. Any time before dinner is desirable. Ten o'clock, at which hour Members begin to return from dinner, affords a favourable opportunity for a smart speech. Midnight only suits great guns, since members are then beginning to think of securing a cab. But absolutely beyond comparison or exception the time when a private member is least welcomed is after one o'clock in the morning, when the leaders on both sides have spoken, and he comes forward to interpose between the House and the division, which at last seems imminent.

This, therefore, is the particular hour which commends itself to Mr. O'Donnell, and if his Parliamentary record were searched it would be found that a considerable proportion of his speeches have been delivered in these circumstances. The advantage is not plain to the casual inquirer. He is not listened to or reported. What he says has not the slightest effect, beyond that of irritating, upon any human being. Yet the Member for Dungarvan finds a subtle joy in standing up and dropping disjointed sentences at favourable openings in the chorus of execration raised by three or four hundred gentlemen who are sleepy and weary, and want to go home. Having taken a strange spell of pleasure between half-past one and ten minutes to two on Tuesday Mr. O'Donnell sat down, the division was taken, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's vote of censure rejected by 314 votes against 205. Mr. Rathbone's amendment was then adopted, the proposed vote of censure being thus transformed into a vote of confidence.

On Tuesday the House returned to consideration of the Land Bill, which now came before it in the form of Report. The amendment paper presented a simply appalling appearance. It seemed that every Member who had proposed an amendment in Committee, and had had it rejected, was determined to bring it up again for the consideration and decision of the House. The paper was, however, chiefly a monument of the industry of the British Member of Parliament. Two-thirds of the amendments were not moved, or if the Member in charge brought them forward it was only meekly to submit to prompt negative. For some hours it seemed as if all the fight were gone out of the House. Amendments were agreed to, negated, or withdrawn in rapid succession, and with very rare calls for a division. Towards midnight the scene changed, and it became clear that upon occasion consideration of Report may be something more than a dress parade. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had placed on the paper an amendment limiting the intervention of the proposed Court to holdings under the annual value of 100/. This was one of those minutiae on the part of the Whig section of the Ministerialists on which the Conservative Opposition had so surely counted at the beginning of the Session. It had manifested itself early in Committee in the notable incident of Mr. Heneage's amendment. Now, as then, the Conservatives hastened to make common cause with the Whigs, though they judiciously refrained from taking a prominent part in the debate. Mr. Gladstone was touched to profound depths of passion by this obstacle suddenly presented at a moment when the goal was in sight. His protest was enthusiastically cheered by the Advanced Liberals. But the Whigs went their way, and the result was that the Ministerial majority, which in great issues has risen above a hundred, was reduced to thirty-six.

On Wednesday so much progress was made with the stage of Report that there remained for Thursday only a few clauses to be dealt with, and the way was cleared for passing the Bill on to the expectant Lords.



THE TURF.—"Glorious" Goodwood this year has been considerably shorn of its glories, most of the chief favourites both for the Cup and Stakes having gradually disappeared from the market quotations. The majority of the scratchings for both these events were owing to some mishap or other befalling the animals in their training, while in other cases trainers found it impossible to get their charges ready on the hard ground without serious risks being run. The withdrawal of Robert the Devil and Bend Or from the Cup was more than a disappointment to thousands of sportsmen who would have felt more than repaid for a visit to Goodwood by only seeing these two "champion" thoroughbreds antagonise over a long distance of ground. But it was not to be, and "when these two shall meet again" it is hard to anticipate. Indeed, such a meeting may never come off, as it is rumoured that Robert will now retire from the turf. Still, Goodwood was "glorious" from a social point of view, the Prince and Princess of Wales being among the visitors at Goodwood House, and "Society" being as strong in quantity and quality as heretofore on the course. The time-honoured Craven, which does duty for Trial Stakes on the first day, brought out a fair field of six, and, in the absence of Suttler, Buxton, on the strength of his many recent victories, was made first favourite with slight odds on him, but he could only get second, the three-year-old Frontier beating him by a neck. The winner was sold to Mr. Ten Broeck for 510 gs., which will probably turn out a remunerative purchase. In the Halmaker Stakes for two-year-olds Lord Bradford's Wenlock and Posthuma filly beat ten others, and received the name of Hemlock. The Stakes, owing to numberless withdrawals, only produced a field of seven, the smallest number of starters since Blondin won in 1864. Exeter had the call in the betting down to the start, and was looked upon as one of the good things of the meeting. He made, however, but a poor show in the race, and could not even secure place honours. The winner turned up in Brown Bess, who started at 11 to 2. Her victory can hardly be considered a fluke, as it only endorsed her success in the Great Metropolitan at Epsom; but as the Goodwood race was run in a blinding storm the performances of several of the competitors will probably turn out to be incorrect. The Richmond Stakes for two-year-olds was won by Lord Falmouth's Dutch Oven, who started a worse favourite than both St. Marguerite and Kermesse, the latter of whom was most fancied, though she carried 9 st. 3 lb. to the 8 st. 13 lb. of the other pair, who ran a dead heat for the second place. It may be noted that Lord Falmouth has won this race four times out of the five which it has been run since its institution in 1877, and that P. Archer has ridden the winner on all five occasions, being on Bend Or in 1879. Mr. Rothschild's improving colt

Fetterless, with 7 to 1 against him in a field of ten, easily won the Drayton High-weight Handicap. The Sussex Stakes on the second day was a very interesting race, as two Leger horses, who have been backed for some money, Geologist and Limestone, were made equal favourites in a field of seven, and had the finish to themselves, the latter winning by a neck. The Levant Stakes fell to the favourite, Balliol, and the Visitors' Plate to Suttler, who still continues in a winning humour, and must by this time have amply atoned for the many disappointments he caused his supporters in former seasons. In the Drawing-room Stakes, for three-year-olds, the American horse Passaic, by being beaten by Privateer, makes one wonder at the reports which have been spread about as to his excellence. The Stewards' Cup, which each year seems to gain in importance, and even vie with the Hunt Cup at Ascot, produced 28 runners, the same number as last year, when Elf King won. Discount at the last was made first favourite, with Golden Eye and Moccoco next in demand, and almost every animal that ran was backed. The winner turned up in Lord Cadogan's Mazurka, who started at 100 to 8, Moccoco, owned by the Duke of Hamilton, was second, and Lord Rosebery's Roysterer was third, the "Upper Ten" thus securing the "places."

CRICKET.—There has been plenty of inter-county cricket lately, and very comfortable weather to play it in. Surrey has gained its first victory for the season on its own ground at the Oval over Nottinghamshire, beating the once famous county by an innings and 22 runs, but it is hardly necessary to say that Notts is not Notts now, and we regret to add that the unhappy differences between the County Committee and the Professionals have not been yet arranged. In the match just mentioned Mr. D. D. Pontifex "came off" scoring 89.—Gloucestershire seems falling from its once high estate, having gone down before Lancashire, who won by an innings and 36 runs. The only big score made by Gloucestershire was Midwinter's 56 in his second innings. For Lancashire Mr. Hornby made 61, and Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling was very effective.—Kent has not been showing very grand form at Mote Park, Maidstone, Yorkshire beating the County Eleven by 251 runs. For the Northerners Bates marked 108 in his second innings. The largest score for Kent was Mr. Patterson's 30.—The men of Kent fared but little better at the hands of Surrey, being beaten by no less than 204 runs. Mr. W. W. Read for Surrey, after making 42 in his first, was credited with the grand score of 160 in his second innings. A great feature of the game was the excellent fielding of the Surrey Eleven, who did not give Kent a single "extra" in the second innings.—Gloucestershire has partly made up for its defeat by Lancashire by beating the strong county team of Yorkshire.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.—All Londoners ought to be grateful to the National Health Society and the Kyrle Society for their efforts in promoting the exhibition of improved heat-producing and smoke-preventing apparatus, which is to be opened at South Kensington in October next. Perhaps in the interim some new light may be thrown on the subject by the forthcoming International Medical Congress; but even with our present knowledge it seems clear that it is quite practicable to do a great deal towards ameliorating the condition of the atmosphere of the metropolis. No one disputes the existence of the evils complained of. The filthy condition of our London atmosphere is too manifest to be denied. It blackens and disfigures our public buildings and statues; spoils our pictures, our furniture, and our clothing; impairs our health to a serious extent, and makes the cultivation of flowers and trees within the city well nigh impossible. It seems undeniable that the worst of our London fogs owe much of their density and deleterious properties to the particles of unburnt fuel with which the air is impregnated, that imperfect combustion not only vitiates the air, but is a direct waste of fuel; and it is further stated that the means of abolishing these evils are ready to our hands. Messrs. Hanbury, the great brewers, are stated to have declared that not one atom of smoke escapes from their chimneys; and that the adoption of the smoke-consuming apparatus has in twenty years saved them no less than 30,000/. It seems clear, then, that what they have done others may do, and the only thing that remains is to convince the London public of the practicability of the scheme, which in this case has proved itself not merely inexpensive but absolutely profitable in a pecuniary sense, as well as beneficial from a sanitary point of view. Anthracite coal is recommended as being absolutely smokeless, but besides being very difficult to light, the supply of it is very limited, a consideration which seems to put that suggestion entirely out of court. The employment of gas for heating and cooking purposes appears to be a much more practicable suggestion. Sir H. Thompson tells us that he has used it for twenty years in his own house with eminently satisfactory results, both as to the preservation of books, pictures, &c., and the maintenance of heat and cleanliness; and if the gas companies can only be induced to adopt Dr. Siemens' idea of a separate supply of heating-gas at a cheap rate, there is every reason to hope that the difficulty will soon be overcome. Prizes, medals, &c., are to be offered at the coming exhibition for the most effectual methods of consuming smoke, and it is to be hoped that the outcome of the competition will be a very considerable immediate reduction of the evil, with a fair prospect of its ultimate entire abolition.

In Memoriam

DECANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS—A. P. STANLEY

SOME fifty years save five have passed away
Since fondly pacing Rugby, round "The Close,"
Arnold's most cultured pupil breathed farewell
To his loved school, himself beloved by all,
As one who ne'er had struck unkindly blow,
Or spoke ungenerous word.

His Oxford years

His thoughtful boyhood's promise well fulfill'd;
And still, as time sped on, his influence grew
Throughout the English Church, and Realm, and World;
The while his happy pen the story told
Of his great Master's life, or tribute paid
To memories dearer still—"Sweetness and light"
In deed, and word, and thought were ever his
Beyond his fellows, tolerance wide and free,
And kindest Christian thought—yet flash'd at times
His generous anger up for right oppress'd,
Or truth traduced, and from his lips burst forth
Indignant eloquence and scathing scorn.

JOHN C. CONYBEARE



AN EXHIBITION was opened on the 20th inst. at Adelaide, South Australia.

A MONSTER SAPPHIRE has been discovered in the Ratnapura district of Ceylon. According to the *Colonies* it is valued at 14,000/., and will probably be sent to London.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES in Paris has just received two orang-outangs from Java. These animals are about three feet high, with hair of a reddish colour, very gentle, but lively and active.

A SHARP EARTHQUAKE SHOCK was felt in Geneva on Friday week, the most severe which had occurred since 1854. It extended throughout the South of France, and was noticed at Lyons and Grenoble.

A BIRD'S NEST (*Emberiza citrinella*) containing several eggs, says the *Live Stock Journal*, has been found in a truck of coals, which had just arrived at Stowmarket Station. The nest was built in amongst the large pieces of coal.

THE ROYAL NOSE of the ex-King of Oudh seems to be a particularly sensitive organ. It is stated that he has just ordered all the gas pipes, fittings, &c., which were lately put up at great expense in his palace to be immediately removed, as he objects to the smell of gas.

MORE EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES have been discovered at Thebes. M. Brugsch, Conservator of the Boulak Museum, has found twenty *sarcophagi* behind the ancient Palace of Queen Hatason, some of which contain remarkable mummies in a perfect state of preservation, and of considerable historical interest.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION will be sent next year by the Swedish Government to Mossel Bay, which lies on the north of Spitzbergen. The expedition will be directed by Captain Malmberg, and will remain during the summer of 1882 and the winter of 1883, in order to obtain observations of an entire year.

NEWS OF THE GREENLAND WHALING FLEET has been received at Shetland. The steamer *Eclipse* appears to have been most successful, having captured fifty-three whales, fourteen of which were of a large size. The same vessel had 3,000 seals. Her colleagues had not experienced quite such good fortune.

A RICH HAUL was recently made by a Dutch fisherman while anchovy fishing in the Zuyder Zee. On drawing in his nets he found entangled in them a large stony mass covered with mussels. On inspection he found it to be a heap of some 450 silver coins. They were chiefly ducatoons, together with a few Spanish and other gold pieces. They are all dated between 1660 and 1680. Amongst the coins were also some small plates.

THE LETTER G plays a prominent part in political circles at the present time. In Russia, there is Prince Gortchakoff; in Greece, King George; in England, Mr. Gladstone; in France, MM. Grévy, Gambetta, and General Galliffé; in Italy, Garibaldi; in America, President Garfield, whose assassin is named Guiteau. The Paris *Figaro*, from which we take the above, adds "Guillaume," Emperor of Germany, and the "Prince de Galles."

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT" is an old adage, the value of which has long been recognised by the Transatlantic Press, and now that the pungent paragraph is beginning to replace the long-winded leader, we may expect shortly to find items of news condensed after the following pithy fashion adopted by an American contemporary:—"Flies plentiful—Fans in demand—Churches closing—Comet disappearing—Excursions numerous—Days begin to shorten—Take the children to the park—Sabbath schools crammed full—Vegetables are very cheap and plentiful—Crushed strawberry is the favourite style of red."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD kept up his spirits admirably during the early part of his illness. The *Albany Sunday Press* says that every day packages of delicacies, and bottles of rare old wines, were received from all parts of the country. The President craved for iced water, but the physicians would not allow him as much as he wanted. After Steward Crump had given him some chicken broth, the President said, "Well, Crump, I have had the broth, what next—medicine or water?" Crump looked dubious. Again the President said, "Crump, there are three courses—broth, medicine, and water. I have had the medicine, I have had the broth, now what next?" Crump then knew the President had given him a hint for iced water, and the impatient but philosophic sufferer received it.

MADAME BLANC, the widow of the well-known lessee of the Monaco gaming tables, is dead. Since the death of her husband Madame Blanc has managed as regards its most important points the establishment in question. Notwithstanding her great wealth she never had a house of her own in Paris, but lived in a flat in the Rue de Rivoli. When in town her anterooms were wont to be crowded with numbers of persons soliciting favours. To the really deserving poor Madame Blanc never turned a deaf ear, keeping a cheque-book continually by her. Madame Blanc was a German by birth, having been born at Homburg. Before her death she realised the height of the ambition of every mother, she married her daughters well—one being wedded to Prince Radziwill, and the other to Prince Roland Bonaparte. Her son, M. Edmond Blanc, is well known in racing circles on the Continent.

LONDON MORTALITY still further increased last week, and 1,943 deaths were registered against 1,816 during the previous seven days, an increase of 127, exceeding the average by 306, and being at the rate of 26.5 per 1,000. These 1,943 deaths included 449 from diarrhoea, an increase of 157, and exceeded the average by 198. Of these 360 were infants under one year old; 43 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 6, and exceeding the average by 17), 152 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 16, and 18 below the average), and 84 from different forms of violence, of which 73 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,451 births registered against 2,533 the previous week, being 79 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 66.4 deg., and 3.3 deg. above the average.

AT THE EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES OF LUCKNOW, one of the most interesting exhibits is the department devoted to Oriental MSS., Indian printing and engraving, and paintings. One of the earliest manuscripts was a copy of the Persian "Game of Polo," written in the year 1581, and illustrated with very curious pictures of the incidents in a polo match between two Eastern Princes. Among the pictures we have, of course, Zoffany's "Ghari Beebe," the Persian beauty whom General Martin bought at the age of six from M. Caré, a Frenchman who went about the Native Courts of India selling Persian and Circassian slave girls. The earliest dated book printed in Oudh comes from the first King's Press in the year 1822, and is a Persian dictionary in seven volumes, entitled the "Seven Seas." The first book printed in India was, we learn from the catalogue, a treatise on Indian drugs, printed at Goa in 1563, only eighty-six years after Caxton's first venture; and one of the earliest books printed in the vernacular was issued from the Tranquebar Mission Press in 1717. The type is said to have been cast by three Danish missionaries from the leaden covers of some Cheshire cheeses sent out to them by the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.



FANCY DRESS BALL AT BESTWOOD HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM, GIVEN BY THE DUKE OF ST. ALBAN'S IN HONOUR OF PRINCE LEOPOLD



FRANCE.—The sudden determination of the Government to fix the date of the elections for August 21, instead of a month later, as had been expected, has created general surprise and no little dissatisfaction amongst those politicians who had hoped to benefit by a long electioneering campaign. This feeling found vent in the Chamber on Tuesday, when M. Clemenceau attacked the Cabinet upon the point. M. Jules Ferry replied that there was no need of a long electioneering period, which was neither the interest of the Republic nor the wish of the nation, and taunted M. Clemenceau with the suggestion that his "surprise" was merely a convenient proceeding for masking beforehand the defeat awaiting him. To this M. Clemenceau retorted with the declaration that "the theories of the Government filled him with stupefaction," and proposed a resolution characterising the step as a "surprise and an electioneering manoeuvre." To everybody's astonishment this proposal was only defeated by eight votes, thus evincing the fact that the Government's action is by no means approved even by its own followers. France, however, may congratulate herself that she has escaped—though by a very small majority—the danger of a Ministerial crisis at so critical a period as the eve of a general election. In the Senate there has been a sharp contest of arms regarding the Government's policy in North Africa between the Duc de Broglie and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. The Duke attacked the Cabinet for concluding the Convention, and thereby offending a number of European Powers while effecting no practical good, and asked M. St. Hilaire whether France intended to go to Tripoli. The Minister warmly defended the action of the Government, declared that the Treaty of Guarantees was necessary for the safety of Algeria—that prolongation of France, and as for Tripoli he could only repeat the assurance given to the British Government, that the conquest of Tripoli is a "dream which only the worst enemies of France could have imagined for her." "I am very glad to hear you say so," quoth the Duke, whose satisfaction at so decided a repudiation of the annexation designs with which France has recently been credited will be widely shared.

In NORTH AFRICA itself matters remain in very much the same condition. The French squadron, having captured Sfax, has surprised and occupied Gabès, and large reinforcements have arrived at Tunis from Marseilles. The insurgents, however, are still active, Kairouan and Suza are still in their hands, while cattle and camel-lifting continues to be frequent round the capital, the latest sufferer being the Prime Minister, who has lost 4,000 sheep. The Tunisian army also is utterly disorganised. Nearly the whole of the troops have deserted, and it is even now difficult to collect a sufficient force for the Bey's body guard, while no one can be found to accept the office of Commander-in-Chief. In Algeria Generals Saussier and Delebecque are taking active steps towards organising the campaign in Oran, and Bou Amema is said to be losing ground. It is stated, however, that General Saussier has reported that a general insurrection may break out in September, and that it is for this reason that the Government have pushed forward the date of the elections.

In PARIS considerable astonishment and indignation has been expressed at a harsh edict of the Minister of War, who has relegated twenty-seven students of St. Cyr to the ranks of the army for having attended the recent Legitimist Mass at St. Germain des Prés in uniform. As these students were shortly expecting their commissions, the measure certainly appears most unduly severe, especially as they have been placed in infantry line regiments, and dispersed throughout the army.—There is little social news. The death of Dean Stanley has called forth the warmest expression of sympathy from the Protestant community. Father Hyacinthe has written a touching article in the *Temps* recalling how, in the time of his trouble, he had found support "in the intelligent and firm friendship of the Dean—sometimes even a refuge on his hearth. When," he continues, "in September, 1872, the year after I had quitted the convent, I contracted a marriage, of which I must speak, as it was connected with my public life, Dean Stanley and his noble companion, Lady Augusta, the friend of Queen Victoria, stood by the side of my wife and by me as if they wished to appear as guarantors to those who were not sufficiently acquainted with the insulters or the insulted."—In theatrical circles, the only novelty is a five-act comedy, *Le Duel de Pierrot*, produced at the Gymnase with doubtful success.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The sentence of death on Midhat Pasha and his fellow-prisoners—the actual perpetrators of the murder of the late Sultan excepted—has been commuted into that of exile. The Sultan had summoned a "grand council" to deliberate on the question, and this body sat for three days, finally confirming the death sentence by a majority. The minority, however, in favour of the commutation consisted of such important personages as four ex-Grand Viziers and the present Prime Minister, together with other Ministers in office. A second meeting was accordingly subsequently held, and the majority then voted for the commutation. The prisoners were next day placed on board a vessel and shipped for Hedjaz, in Arabia, where they have been banished for life. There is no other news save that the Delimitation Commission are going on with their work on the River Arta, that the Prince of Montenegro has issued a proclamation to the Mahomedans who have left the annexed district, asking them to return, and promising them protection; and that in Bulgaria Messrs Zancoff and Slavieff have been arrested at Plevna. The negotiations between Austria, Servia, Bulgaria, and the Porte with regard to the junction of the various railways are still continuing, but no definitive result has as yet been achieved.

GERMANY.—The chief public interest is centred in the forthcoming meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors at Gastein on Thursday. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Baron Haymerle, however, will be present, and there is probably little more to be perceived in the meeting than the annual exchange of courtesies between the two Sovereigns. Nor, probably, is much more important to be attached to the statement that Italy is anxious to join the alliance of the German Powers, notwithstanding the fact that Signor Cairoli has been to see Prince Bismarck at Kissingen. Amongst other rumours also is one of a quadruple alliance of Germany, Austria, France, and Italy, directed against England and her supremacy in the Mediterranean. If such is the case, why has Russia allowed herself to be left out in the cold?

There has been a grand international rifle meeting at Munich, where great festivities have been held. On Monday Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, addressing the Swiss and Austrian delegations, said, "Wherever you come from hold fast to the tie that unites us with you, with the German language, and with German culture. That will not prevent you from being faithful to your Sovereign and loyal members of the respective States to which you belong." As Prince Ludwig is connected with the Austrian Royal Family this remark is looked upon as an encouragement to the Austro-Germans to persist in the war of nationalities which is at present raging in Austria.

A direct cable between the United States and Germany is to be established. A line will be laid from Emden to Valencia, where it will be connected with one of the Anglo-American cables.—The announcement that General Roberts will attend the German manoeuvres in the autumn has given great satisfaction, as the General's reputation stands high in Germany through his famous march to Candahar.

RUSSIA.—Matters do not seem to improve. There have been a large number of further arrests of Nihilists, prompted by the death-bed revelations of a young student, who committed suicide rather than fulfil the mission for which he had been chosen by lot—the assassination of the Czar. Nevertheless, the Czar and his family have been somewhat emerging from their retirement. Thus they have attended the great religious *fete* of St. Sergius, and on Saturday went to the camp at Krasnoe Selo, slept there the night, and on Sunday attended the church parade. The Czar is said to be not quite so satisfied with General Ignatieff and his policy as he had expected to be, and there are not wanting prophecies of a change of administration.

The harvest is exceedingly good this year, but the yield, it is said, will not be so superlatively great, as only two thirds of the land was sown, owing to the fear of the corn-beetle and the want of seed.—Next year's Budget is to be reduced by 100,000 roubles.

ITALY.—The conflict between the Clericals and the Liberals respecting the disgraceful scenes enacted over the body of Pius IX. continues unabated. Cardinal Jacobini, the Pontifical Minister of State, has sent a circular to the Ambassadors protesting against the State, has sent a circular to the body of Pius IX., which he says Leo XIII. insults offered to the body of Pius IX., which he says Leo XIII. regards as equivalent to having been offered to his own person. It laments, and many people think with some justice, that the Italian Government have never attempted to offer the slightest satisfaction to either the Pope or the Catholic world by speaking a single word in deprecation of the outrage, and intimates that the Italian Government is responsible for what has occurred, as it had the power and the means of preventing such a scandal. The Clerical journals also point out that the treatment to which dead Pius IX. was subjected was a sample of what the living Leo XIII. would receive were he to stir from the Vatican. To this the Liberal journals reply that the case of the two Pontiffs is entirely different, the one having been a Sovereign, whose temporal reign had always been contested by a portion of the population, while the other has never been more than a high priest. As for the Radicals, they are as rabid as ever. A circular has been published by the Anti-Clerical Association declaring the Clerical party to be "opposed by nature to all principles of liberty," and that "if we do not ourselves undertake to stifle the evil race once for all, we shall perhaps one day see Italy through them led along a false path." Accordingly, to thwart all such plots, an Anti-Clerical Club has been formed. The Radical Deputy, Bassetti, also writing to the *Lega della Democrazia*, cries, "Forward then; and as hostilities have commenced, let there not be a second's truce. The taking of the Vatican must become for Italy a national *fete*, as the taking of the Bastille is for France." In the mean time the Government makes no sign of interfering in this scandalous quarrel.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Ayoob Khan and the Ameer's forces, under Gholam Hyder Khan, are facing each other a little to the west of the Helmand, a distance of twenty miles being between them. Ayoob Khan has offered to negotiate, but Gholam Hyder Khan is said to have returned the answer that any negotiations were impossible, save in Herat. Neither side, however, seems anxious to begin the decisive battle, and at the time we are writing the news of the long-looked for action is still "expected hourly."

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce have addressed a remonstrance to the Government against purchasing stores in England, and point out that many struggling local industries might be placed upon a firm basis if the authorities would only transfer their custom to Indian firms.

UNITED STATES.—The President had a serious relapse last week. The first symptoms were noticed on Friday night, and on Saturday morning he had a shivering fit, after which his temperature rose. This change for the worse was due to an obstruction in the pus cavity, which produced a cessation of the flow of pus, and accordingly on Sunday a second opening was made, and a drainage tube introduced. This greatly relieved the patient, and on Monday he was once more considerably better, resting quietly, and taking nourishment. On Tuesday morning also the symptoms appeared favourable though he had experienced some fever during the night. During the day, however, the most sinister rumours were circulated, which, however, were falsified by the medical report, and on Wednesday the President was declared much better, his temperature and pulse being normal. There has been a renewal of the popular excitement which ensued when the news of the attempted assassination first became known, and the Stock Exchange has been proportionately affected. Mr. Gladstone's warm letter of sympathy to Mrs. Garfield, and his allusion to the "ever-growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the two countries," and to "the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President" have produced the most favourable comments from the American Press. Mr. Blaine has replied on the part of Mrs. Garfield, warmly thanking Mr. Gladstone and his countrymen for their sympathy.

The discovery of the infernal machines on board the Atlantic steamer at Liverpool has caused great excitement, and the strongest opinions are expressed that the United States should not be used as the base of such conspiracies. The *New York Herald* states that, as such shipments are illegal, the Government ought to be able to stop such commerce. The *New York Times* assures the British Government that "it may confidently reckon on the earnest co-operation of both local and national authorities in discovering the authors of such plots." The *New York World*, addressing the Irish people, declares that "the system of wholesale assassination must be fatal to them and their cause. . . . If the cause of Ireland is to be promoted by practices of this kind, and the liberators of Ireland are worse and more reckless than a set of Nihilists, the civilised world will be compelled in self-defence to turn upon the liberators of Ireland as the enemies of the human race." The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* is most denunciatory of the "villains" who abuse the right of asylum and declares that "There has been enough tolerance shown to the reckless foreign demagogues and destructives, who openly and defiantly preach the gospel of Thuggee." Curiously enough, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, who has so frequently boasted of the numbers of explosives sent over to England, denies any knowledge of the matter. As a counterweight, however, he declares that English shipping is full of men ready to co-operate in every undertaking against the British Government. As Mr. Rossa is an agent for selling passenger tickets for the various steamship companies, these latter have very naturally withdrawn their authorisation, and now Mr. Rossa is complaining bitterly of being "Boycotted." The Fenians across the Atlantic, as a rule, claim to be the source of all the various outrages, and of the explosion of the *Doterel* in particular.

The Senatorial contest at Albany is at an end, Mr. Lapham being finally elected to Mr. Conkling's seat. Mr. Conkling has since called at the White House to inquire after the President, and now declares himself "out of politics."

SOUTH AFRICA.—A hitch has occurred in the Transvaal negotiations owing to the refusal of the British Commissioner to sit with a Mr. Buyskes, who was appointed by the Boers a member of the Committee on Financial Affairs. The irritation is increasing on both sides, and there are rumours innumerable concerning further modifications of the Convention. Great dissatisfaction is expressed at the delay in arriving at a settlement, and the general uneasy feeling has now been enhanced by the acquittal of the Boers charged with murdering Captain Elliot. The jury were composed of eight Dutchmen and one Englishman.



THE COURT.—The Queen and Princess Beatrice are taking their usual walks and drives round Osborne. The Duchess of Edinburgh, who arrived at Osborne Cottage at the end of last week, visited Her Majesty on Saturday. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Edinburgh attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. George Connor, Vicar of Newport and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, officiated. In the evening the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany dined with the Queen. On Tuesday the Prince of Leiningen lunched with Her Majesty, and in the evening the Duchess of Edinburgh dined with the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, visited the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon on Saturday afternoon, and distributed the prizes. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Monday the Prince and Princess called at St. James's Palace to congratulate the Duchess of Cambridge on her eighty-fourth birthday. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duke of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House, and in the afternoon the Prince visited Don Carlos, and was afterwards present at the funeral of the late Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey. Later in the day the Prince and Princess left town on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to the Races. The Prince and Princess have promised to visit Liverpool on the 6th of September, to open the new North Docks. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales have been entertained at a ball given in their honour by the Governor, Lord A. Loftus, in Sydney. The Princes left Sydney on the 23rd inst. for Auckland. The Prince of Wales has sold his yacht *Formosa* to Mr. Bischoffshausen.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who, with the Reserve Squadron, left Kiel last Monday week, arrived in the Firth of Forth on Monday. In the evening the Duke, together with Prince Henry of Prussia, was entertained on board the *Garth Castle* by Sir Donald Currie. The next day he opened the new Edinburgh Dock, Leith Harbour.—King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, left London on Sunday evening for Brussels. Previous to starting His Majesty called at Marlborough House to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales.—The Marquis of Lorne arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing, Winnipeg, on the 25th inst. After visiting Manitoba the Marquis will go to the Rocky Mountains, and on his return journey will visit Chicago and some of the Western cities.—The Empress of Germany's condition still causes anxiety, owing to great weakness and exhaustion. Her Majesty's illness is said to have been occasioned by over-exertion at a religious service in the chapel at Ems on June 3, in memory of the late Empress of Russia, when Her Majesty not only held a heavy taper, but underwent an unusual strain in kneeling for a prolonged period.—The Duke Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, first cousin to the late Prince Consort, died at Vienna on Tuesday.



THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.—Some account of the funeral of the late Dean of Westminster will be found in "Our Illustrations" column. On Sunday a very large number of sermons having reference to the lamented Dean were preached both in London and the provinces, the most interesting being those which were delivered in the Abbey itself to enormous congregations. In the forenoon Canon Farrar dwelt eloquently and feelingly on the many admirable traits of the Dean's character, and created a great effect upon his hearers by quoting some of his last articulate words in reference to the management of the Abbey and to his own end, which he said "had come just as he most desired it should." In the afternoon Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff, who had been officially named by Dean Stanley as the most fitting person to preach his funeral sermon, having known him the longest, occupied the pulpit, and, after alluding to his dying request, spoke of their first meeting in the school chapel at Rugby on Good Friday, 1830, and other incidents of his early life. Of his later years he said there was little need to speak, for all knew the brilliancy of his position, the multitude of his interests, the charm of his presence, the simplicity of his nature, the delight of his conversation, the ever-growing celebrity of his name, and the recognised sanctity of his life.

THE POOR CLERGY RELIEF CORPORATION held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Bishop Claughton presiding. The report stated that during the past year 6,166 had been expended in grants, ranging from 5s. to 25s., the number of cases relieved being 480. Appeals were, however, painfully numerous, and larger amounts would have been granted had the funds permitted.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE REV. S. F. GREEN was made the subject of an *articulus cleri* in the Convocation of Canterbury, but the Bishops declined to interfere, both because the matter primarily concerns the Convocation of the Northern Province, in which Mr. Green's benefice lies; and because an appeal to the House of Lords is now pending. They, however, concurred with the Lower House in deploring that imprisonment should be resorted to for ecclesiastical offences, and declared that they would be thankful to hear of Mr. Green's release.

THE WORKING MEN'S LORD'S DAY REST ASSOCIATION have memorialised the Premier against the proposed Sunday opening of the English exhibits at the Paris International Electrical Exhibition. Mr. Gladstone has promised careful consideration of the matter.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE has continued its meetings at Liverpool. On Saturday, after an animated debate, it was resolved regretfully that this year no candidature for the ministry would be considered. A deputation from the various Nonconformist bodies in Liverpool was received, and the President acknowledged the receipt of a letter from Bishop Ryle, expressing his heartfelt thankfulness for the services to the Church of Christ in England which the Wesleyans had done in years past, and were still doing. Though serving in different regiments, they were fighting under the same Great Captain. On Monday a memorial was received from the Anti-Narcotic League, upon which a debate arose in which the evils of juvenile smoking and the use of opium, chloral, and other narcotics were greatly deplored. On Tuesday some pastoral addresses were read, candidates for ordination were subjected to a searching examination in theology, and the subject of theatrical performances was alluded to, the President declaring that the drama, as represented in this country, was a hindrance, rather than a help, to religious progress.

THE UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY commenced its annual meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Tuesday. The Rev. Richard Chew, of Burton-on-Trent, was elected President for the year, and in acknowledging his appointment alluded in regretful and sympathetic terms to the death

of the late Dean Stanley. It was stated that the Connexion now has a membership of 79,477, with 1,356 chapels, 3,391 local preachers, and 189,038 Sunday scholars.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS OF ENGLAND, under the presidency of Cardinal Manning, have this week held a conference at Birmingham, to consider, among other matters, the selection of a successor to the late Dr. Danell, Bishop of Southwark. It is understood that the list of nominees, with the Bishops' comments, will be sent to the Pope, with whom the appointment of course rests.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The "Gala Nights" were as brilliant as could be expected, and as brilliantly attended. The opera selected for Madame Albani being *Faust e Margherita*, and that for Madame Patti *Linda di Chamouni*, it will suffice to add that both accomplished artists were in their happiest vein, and that success was in proportion to their merit. Seldom has applause been more genuine and frequent; seldom have so many bouquets of all sorts, shapes, and devices been flung upon the stage. Madame Sembrich had no "gala," though unquestionably deserving one, if only because to her we are indebted for bringing to light again Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, an opera which from one end to the other never ceases to be melodious, as, considering the undramatic character of its libretto, it never ceases to be dramatic. This revival and the production of Herr Rubinstein's *Il Demonio* redeemed the pledges contained in Mr. Gye's prospectus with reference to "novelties"—Rossini's *Otello*, with Madame Patti as Desdemona, and the *Mefistofele* of Signor Boito, which were only conditionally referred to, being postponed to a more convenient occasion. The various incidents of the season just expired (a season of some three months' duration) have been followed so closely that recapitulation would be superfluous. Among the singers previously unknown to this country (Madame Sembrich and M. Lassalle belonging to last year's new importations, while Madame Trebelli, who succeeded from the other house, is a too familiar figure to take into account), those who created the strongest impression were Madame Fursch-Madler, a dramatic soprano, and Signor Mierzwinski, a "robust tenor," both acquisitions of legitimate worth. The others—Mdlles. de Reské (mezzo-soprano) and Elly Warnots (soprano), Herr Labatt (tenor), MM. Dauphin and Gresse (basses)—if they come back to us will be welcome, but if not will speedily pass from the memory, useful and talented in various degrees as they undoubtedly are. About the long-tried members of the company no more need be said than has already been said in the notices of their successive impersonations. Enough that the season came to an end on Saturday night, with a second performance of *Linda di Chamouni*, the leading characters by Mesdames Patti and Scalchi; Signors Marini, Cotogni, De Reské, and Ciampi, that there was a densely-crowded house, and that, after the opera, the National Anthem was given, Madame Patti singing the opening verse. It is but just to add that the new conductor, M. Dupont, has shown himself a worthy associate of Signor Beignani, and that the orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as solo violinist, generally maintained its repute. The ballet, too, reinforced by the acquisition of Mdlle. Viale, a *première danseuse* of real ability, has, as usual at this house, been thoroughly well cared for.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson has also brought to a close a short season, the course of which has been marked by a single novelty, in the shape of an opera called *Il Riniegato*, composed by a Hungarian amateur of distinction, Baron Bodog D'Orceyk. This, though presented four times, cannot be recorded as successful. The enterprising *impresario*, to whom the public is indebted for the revival of not a few masterpieces of the past, comprising, among others, Cherubini's *Medea* and Glick's *Iphigenia in Tauride*; and also for the first introduction to this country of Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Fliegende Holländer* of Wagner, Gounod's *Faust*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, &c.—had disappointments enough to contend with at the beginning of the season, which more or less influenced the fortunes of his undertaking to the end. These, however, having been already dwelt on, may pass without further comment. What Mr. Mapleson was able to do, however, he did fairly well, deriving no unimportant aid from his conductor, Signor Arditi, who, without the co-operation of Signor Faccio from the Scala, where the recent massacre of *Don Giovanni* and the failure of Boito's *Mefistofele* (which thirteen years earlier had already failed there in its pristine shape) have been topics of discussion in most Italian towns, performed his onerous duties to the general satisfaction. Signor Arditi, however, had a competent orchestra (with M. Pollitzer as *chef d'attaque*) under his direction; and that is a matter of no small consequence. The time that elapsed before the first appearance of Madame Nilsson caused much disappointment; but, when she did appear at the eleventh hour, the brilliant and fascinating Swede was greeted with all the old warmth. Her performances during the period of her engagement were in the Marguerite of Gounod and the Margarita of Boito, the Mignon of Thomas, and the Elsa of Wagner's *Lohengrin*—too few and far between it must be owned, but enough to whet the appetite for more. Meanwhile Mr. Mapleson brought forward some new singers of promise, to strengthen a company already by no means weak. From among these may be singled out Mdlle. Adalgisa Gabbi, a soprano of unquestionable promise, as was convincingly shown by her performances in *Aida* and *Il Trovatore*, and Mdlle. Emma Juch, a young aspirant, with a soprano voice both pleasing and flexible, who is already a good step on the road to becoming a singer, and, with further experience, aided by intelligence already apparent, may eventually become an actress in the bargain. The return of Mdlle. di Murska, who still surprises by her facile vocalisation in *Dinorah* and the *Queen of the Night*, was greeted with anything but indifference. About the achievements of the artists whose names and talents are already familiar to our operatic public—such, for example, as Madame Marie Roze, Miss Minnie Hauk, Mdlle. Tremelli, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signors Campanini, Galassi, Del Puente, &c., enough has been written in the notices that have chronicled the season's progress; but it may be added that the re-engagements of Mdlle. Lily Lehmann and Signor Nanetti were well advised, as materially enhancing the efficiency of the ensemble. Signor Ravelli, too, the new tenor of last year, rendered good service, and the ballet, effective as usual, was again fortunate in the possession of the graceful and agile Madame Cavallazzi as leading dancer. The theatre closed on Friday night and (when to open again is yet matter for conjecture), with a performance of *Mefistofele*, for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson.

THE OPERATIC COALITION.—We prefer reserving such remarks as we may have to offer upon this newly-projected amalgamation of the two London Italian Operas until the plan is more definitely communicated to the public, and some notion of its probable working may be fairly and without prejudice entertained. Meantime all speculation must be necessarily premature.

WAIFS.—Donizetti seems to be "looking up" once again in Italy. His early opera, *Torquato Tasso*, well remembered by frequenters of the old Her Majesty's Theatre times gone by, is to

be represented in the autumn at Bergamo, the composer's birth-town.—A literary and artistic journal, of which music is to constitute a prominent feature, has been started in Vienna, with the somewhat vague title of *Il Dottor Faust*.—A German paper informs its readers that Madame Sembrich (of the Royal Italian Opera) is engaged for two seasons at St. Petersburg and Moscow for the consideration of 200*l.* sterling nightly. Those who believe the report deserve to pay the salary.—August Wilhelm, the celebrated violinist, is at present in Australia.—The restoration of the *façade* of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie is at length completed.—The sempternal *Ring des Nibelungen* of Wagner (the whole Tetralogy, from *Rheingold* to the *Götterdämmerung*), is to be given in the ensuing season at the new Grand Opera House at Frankfurt-on-Maine.—A four-year old phenomenal pianist of rare acquirements is spoken of at Georgia (U.S.). Why not a two-year old while they are about it? The one phenomenon is as likely as the other.—M. Faure, the Hamlet, Mephistopheles, and Joconde of the French operatic stage, has been giving a series of performances on the French stage. M. Lassalle would seem to have virtually driven the celebrated barytone out of England.—A grand tournament of singers was to begin at Wiesbaden this week, in which twenty-two societies, numbering 1,650 members, equally divided between North and South Germany, take part.—The centenary of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig will be celebrated next winter. The earliest concert given by the Society was on the 21st November, 1781, under the direction of Adam Hiller.—As if the complete *fiasco* of Signor Graffigna's *Barbier di Siviglia* were not sufficient, one Bianchi, a Bolognese composer, has re-set the libretto of Rossini's comic masterpiece. Poor fellow!—Madame Trebelli, with M. Musin, the violinist, and a "troop" of her own selection, has started on another Scandinavian tour.—Mesdames Patti and Nilsson have both left England, the former for Aix les Bains, the latter for Vichy.—Mr. Carl Rosa has returned to London, to make further preparations for his English season at Her Majesty's Theatre, which commences in January next.—At the annual distribution of prizes in the Royal Academy of Music (on Saturday afternoon) Lady Frederick Cavendish officiated, in place of Mrs. Gladstone, who has more than once undertaken that kindly task, but was unable to preside on the present occasion. The address of the Principal, Professor G. A. Macfarren, at the conclusion of the proceedings made a sensible impression.

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN WIMBLEDON CAMP

THE *Reveille* sounds at half-past six; and the first time I was roused by its cheery music, I struggled out of my blankets and took a peep out of doors. A pleasant breeze was blowing from the misty blue hills in the distance, and the sun shone laughingly on everything. One or two sprightly beings who, like myself, had not pretended that they didn't hear the bugle, were engaged in various edifying occupations. A stout gentleman in a straw hat and shoes was doing his best to spoil his bath by rolling it from one side of the camp to the other; one or two were taking their tubs in front of their respective tents; whilst a third was practising a mysterious step, called "The Scissors," which, when performed by a gentleman with nothing on but his shirt, must be seen to be appreciated. I followed the example of the one or two, and tumbled into my bath, and was busy drying myself, when an individual in an overcoat and socks, and with a sort of officialism in his manner, ordered me to "Fall in." I hinted dimly that I thought he was up too early; but, muttering something about "having no nonsense," he passed on to the next tent. I went on quietly with my toilette, till I was rudely disturbed by the orderly sergeant, simply attired in a cross-belt and forage-cap, and swaggering a cane, telling me to "hurry up." I did so as well as I could without my braces, and found a motley crew gathered together for parade. There was a sleepy person in his night-shirt and boots, and his next-door neighbour, draped gracefully in the regulation blanket, and looking like a noble savage on the war-path. Next these was a jocosse gentleman, folded carefully in a Turkey carpet, and jauntily wearing a *fez*, whilst he puffed an early cigarette. A yard or two off the Quarter-master—a man of some corporeal growth—in flannel trousers and an enormous head-gear, which earned for him the *sobriquet* of "Roof," was having a friendly spar with a private in a bright blue jersey and scarlet night-cap, whilst an eccentric individual in spectacles and gaiters was playing absurd leapfrog with a comrade in a pith helmet and pantaloons. The orderly sergeant called over the names, which are answered for the most part by anybody but their owners, the parade was "dismissed," and we all got ready for breakfast.

After breakfast the shooting men go down to their ranges, and the people who have business in town walk or drive to the station. I am not a shooting man; and I had nothing to call me to London. I had nothing to do but idle away my time, so I pattered about my tent, strummed on the piano in the mess-marquee, inspected the commissariat arrangements, tried to interest myself in the notice-board, and finally strolled down to the "High Street," as the principal walk in the Camp is called, for a newspaper. Shooting begins at nine; and by that time the Camp has become very lively. I have a look at the "Running Deer" competition. The deer is not a deer, it is a sort of tin Tommy Atkins, painted a dull grey, who runs the gauntlet of a dozen or so eager riflemen, and who is one of the chief centres of interest. Here crowds of people—Volunteers, Regulars, and civilians—are gathered all day, and fair ladies in fascinating dresses sit timidly on the chairs inside the ropes to watch the shooting and applaud the hits, which, by the way, are by no means easily made. The sun blazes down from a cloudless sky; there is a tantalising heat-mist; and the dummy soldier, difficult to see at any time because of his colour, and doubly so in brilliant sunshine, moves about twice as fast as a real man would, and possibly could, move. In spite of these drawbacks, however, some very good shooting was made.

The morning soon passed in lounging round the various shooting points, and I heard the gun for luncheon with a sort of pleasant surprise. I went back to my camp very hot, very dusty, and very thirsty, and after luncheon, settled myself in my tent for a quiet nap—which I was doomed not to have. They were preparing a dramatic entertainment, to which Lord and Lady Brownlow and the Cottage party had been invited, and the whole camp was turned upside down. The Commissariat seemed on the straight road to wreck and ruin (not an unusual phenomenon, by the way), the mess tables were *hors de combat*, and the ground was littered with flags and bunting of every size and hue. In the next tent to mine two men were rehearsing their parts in a manner nothing short of exasperating (to the listener); in the marquee somebody was "going over" a piece on the piano, but was hardly so worrying as the tuner to whom he gave way by and by; whilst from the other side of the camp at intervals came the clinking of glasses, and the merry laughter of girls. This last I did not so much mind. The tent got hotter every moment, in spite of plenty of water thrown upon it; and I got hotter too, in spite of plenty of claret cup. At last I gave up the idea of sleep, and went out. There was no shade anywhere, so I went back and had a bath. By this time the two men in the next tent had stopped their rehearsal; but the stage manager was "blowing up" his company all round, and the gentleman who was to play leading lady was anxiously inquiring for her lover, who had incontinently disappeared. Some more ladies have come up, and the fellows in the tent at the end of the lines appear to be having rare high times. The sound of their merry-making reminds me that my tent-companion was to bring some charming damsels from town, so I set about putting our habitation in order, and afterwards, knife in hand, start on an expedition to

gather ferns for the graceful decoration of our dishes of fruit. A policeman with a sun-inflamed visage, and white linen on his helmet, eyes me suspiciously, but I take no notice of him, and cut my ferns under his very nose. I sit down in the shadow of a clump of furze, thinking how pleasant this camp life is. A gentle wind wafts to my ears the music of the Hungarian band playing in the Enclosure, and, subdued by distance, the sound of the firing at the ranges. The western horizon is growing golden, and the far-off edges of the common are changing from green to a tender brownish purple, in the waning afternoon. I sit and watch the transformation dreamily till I remember my ferns. On returning to the tent I find my friend and our visitors have arrived. We set to work to arrange our evening meal, amidst general joking and absurd speech; and I think to myself, as I decorate the fruit dishes with my ferns, that out-of-door life revives in us that grand faculty of childhood's days—the ability to laugh heartily at weak and ancient jests.

Tea over, and as yet nothing to be seen of our own entertainment, we take a walk round to discover what is going on elsewhere. In the camp next but one to us there is a band, and what is ambitiously called "an Assault at Arms" is progressing. There was very little assault, and no arms were to be seen anywhere, but some fair gymnastics were performed by half-a-dozen athletic-looking fellows in somewhat dirty flannels. The interest of a large audience seemed to centre in a little boy, who had to be lifted on to the horizontal bar. When there, he performed some curious evolutions, and, being thin, wiry, and made up more of arms and legs than of body, presented the appearance of a gyrating spider on a large scale. The most entertaining part of the show, however, and one not included in the programme, was a sweet little child lady in the quaintest of old-world costumes and bonnets, who toddled about in the most laughable manner in vain efforts to dance to the music of the band. She made friends with every one, and was watchfully guarded in her infantile perambulations by a splendid retriever. Leaving the athletic little boy, and the dancing maiden of two years old, we took a passing peep at the camp of the London Scottish, where some eccentric individuals in kilts were reeling themselves into an unpleasant perspiration, and returned to our own lines in time to witness the close of an exciting game at camp cricket, with tent-pegs for wickets, and anything you like for a bat. Then, as the faint calm beauties of twilight faded away, and the Chinese lanterns began to glimmer over the camp, we took our seats for the special representation, for one night only, of *Villikins and his Dinah*.

There was a great deal of talk, a great deal of laughter, and, I think, a little love-making, during the wait. People continued to press in, and though the marquee was by no means small, there was not room in it for everybody, and the audience stretched some distance beyond its limits. Presently, a gentleman with a mealy tenor voice sang a song, after which some facetious volunteers at the back—"the gods" I suppose they should be called—started a complimentary chorus, of a somewhat inconsequential character, to the effect that a glass of whiskey would do the songster no harm; that from Wimbledon to Wombledon is seventeen miles; that Britons never will be slaves, including an incidental reference to a certain expedition of a brave old Duke of York, and ending up with a very solemn "Amen," which provoked roars of laughter. Then the cup, or, rather, several cups, went round, a living wax-works (that is to say, the figures were real live people), was exhibited, and about half-past nine there was a blaze of blue fire, a hurry of feet outside, and the Cottage party entered. Then was performed the great burlesque above alluded to, which gave satisfaction to everybody, particularly to those chiefly concerned in its production; and by and by visitors went off to their trains and their carriages, and old campaigners retired to their tents for a quiet pipe and a chat before "Lights Out."

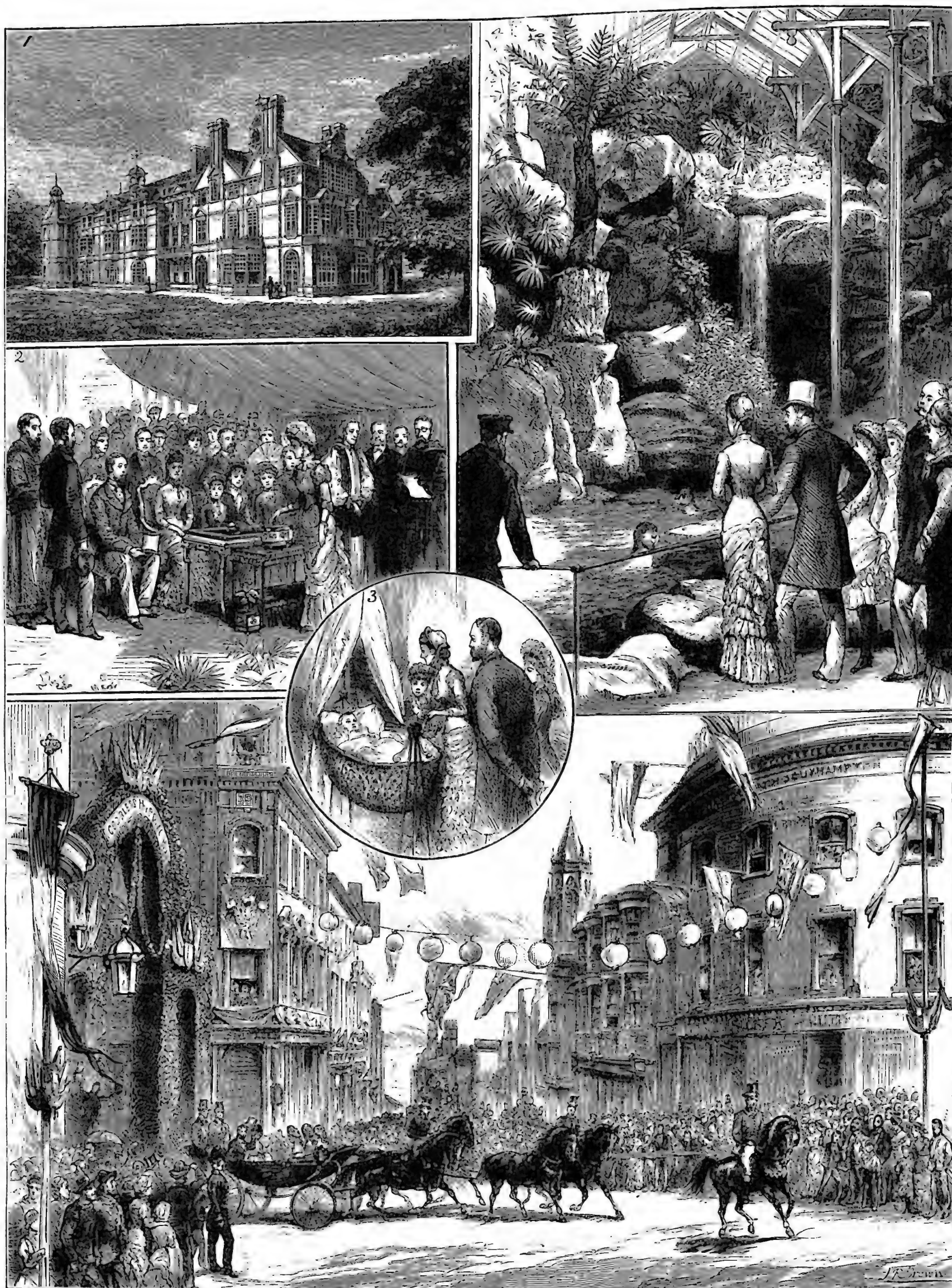
When the objectionable signal sounded, I rolled myself in my blankets, and prepared to go to sleep. I was just dozing off when a head was put in at the opening, and a voice whispered, "Come along, old boy, there's a splendid cup going over the way—second tent from the top." I went. In the tent referred to a dozen or so fellows were lying and sitting in every stage of undress. The light of the lantern was shrouded by three Japanese umbrellas, and a first-rate champagne-cup was in process of consumption. Everybody told his best story, and, as a consequence, there was much low murmuring and smothered laughter, which went on for an hour or two, until a gentleman in the far corner said he must be off. As he passed me I recognised him as the Captain commanding. After that I thought it best to retire, which I did carefully, for fear of pegs and ropes, in the bright light of the morning moon. I stumbled into my tent, curled up again in my blankets, and slept "as sound as a top," till the next parade, when everybody "came up smiling" once more.

H. V. BARNETT



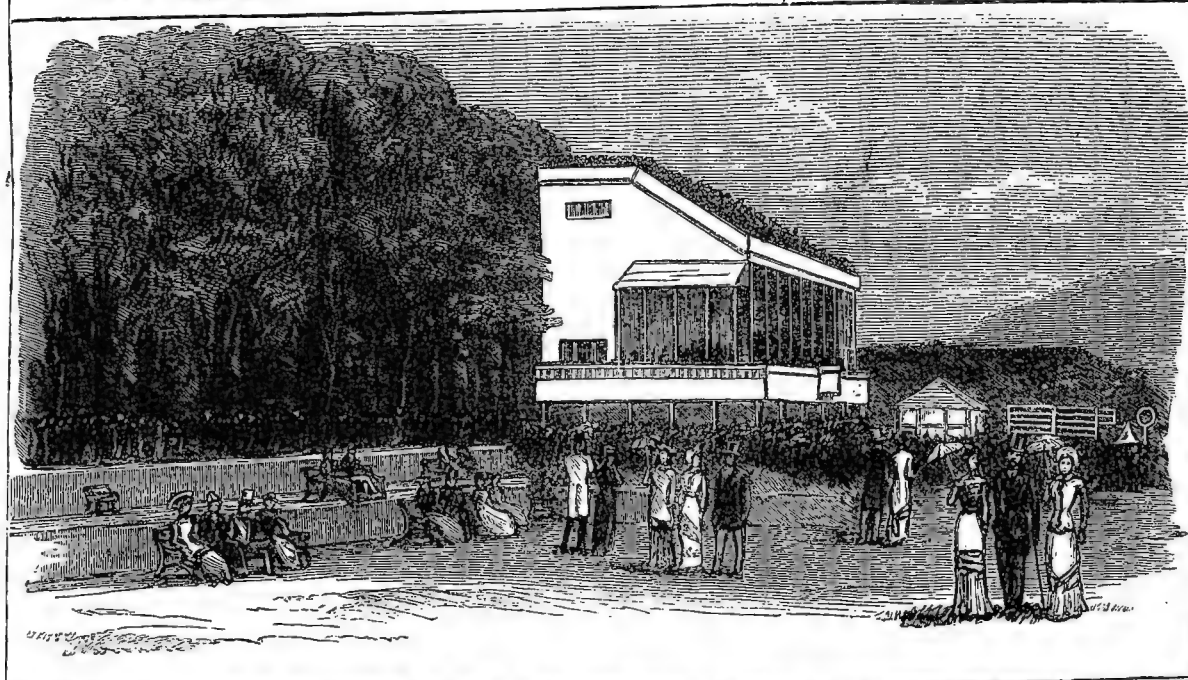
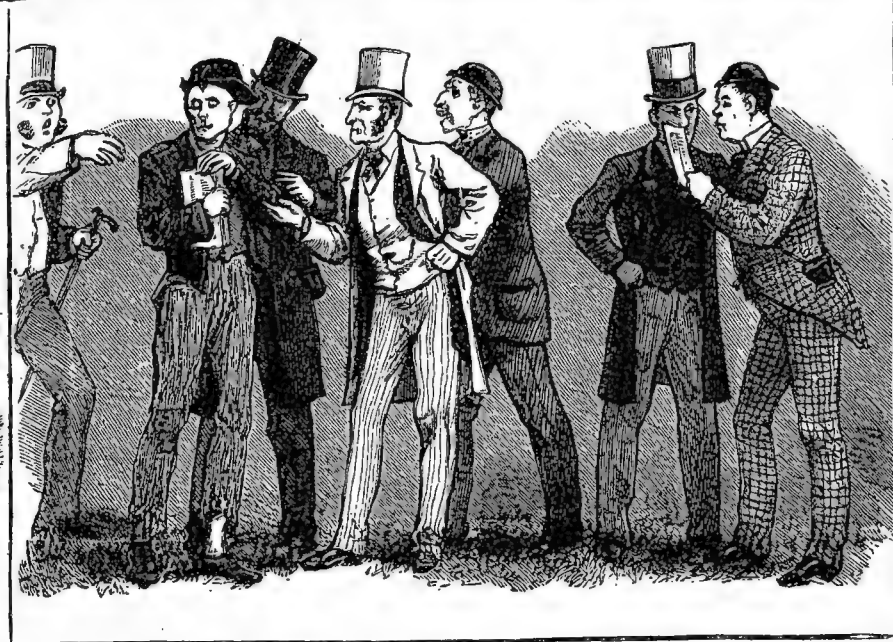
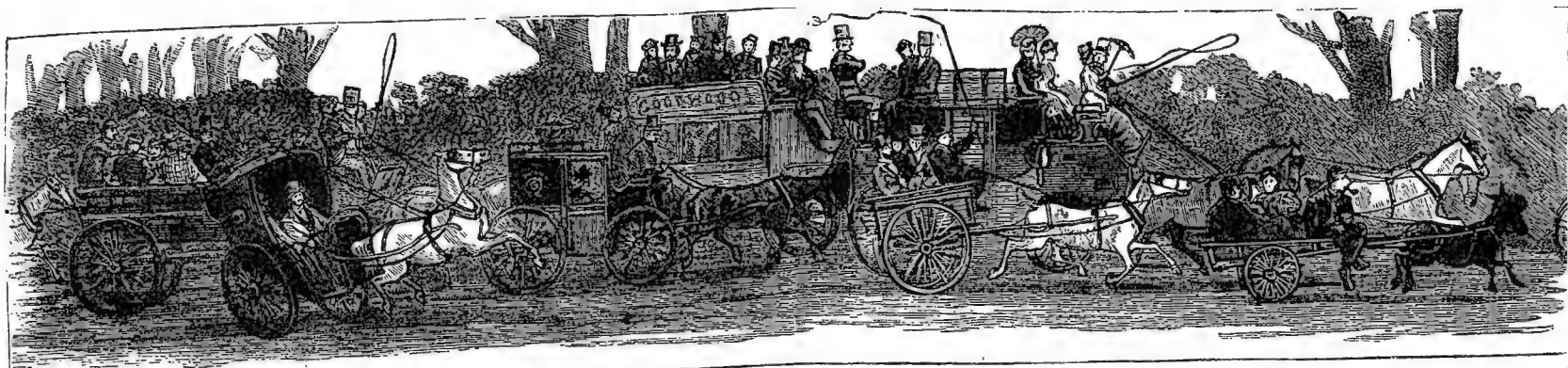
MR. IRVING'S popularity is never more strikingly exhibited than on the occasion of one of those farewells at the close of the season, when it is his custom to take his audience into his confidence; and, while reviewing the productions of the past few months, to glance at his arrangements for the future. Accordingly there were gathered together within the walls of the LYCEUM Theatre on Saturday evening last an audience that, but for a few vacant rows in the gallery, which, as it proved, had not escaped Mr. Irving's attention, could not by possibility have been larger, and could hardly have been more enthusiastic. To bring forward any new piece or revival at such a time is not customary; but there was at least one novel feature in the bill, following upon *The Bells*, a performance by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry of that clever little scene from Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback*, in which the sprightly lady adroitly rallies and coaxes the bookworm, Modus, out of his pedantry and bashfulness, until in her turn she is compelled, like the maiden in Samuel Daniel's exquisite sonnet, to "check his presumption and his forwardness." This scene, in which they had already appeared at Mr. Toole's benefit at the Folly in the afternoon, was acted with remarkable finish—Miss Ellen Terry's vivacity and charm of manner being displayed in numberless subtle touches, and Mr. Irving performing the part of the timid scholar transformed into the ardent wooer, with a very artistic eye to the effect of contrast. The special feature of the occasion, however, was of course the speech, which was spoken by Mr. Irving before the ample folds of the crimson velvet drop-curtain in an easy conversational style. The interruption from the gallery, and admonition "Not to forget the gods," was good-humouredly answered at once, with an assurance that in the new arrangements in contemplation for the comfort and convenience of the audience, the gallery should not be forgotten—though, as the speaker parenthetically observed, "the gallery seems to night to have rather deserted me." The contemplated changes mentioned appear to be somewhat after the fashion of the St. James's—houses on both sides of the theatre having been acquired for the purpose of enlarging the outer accommodation; but it was also announced that the holding capacity of the house would be increased, and new space gained for the stage arrangements. Mr. Irving, in passing, contradicted the rumour that he had bought the theatre, but it appeared that he had acquired what our Irish friends call "fixity of tenure," without which, indeed, a manager could hardly be expected to venture upon

(Continued on page 126)



1. The Children's Hospital Opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales.—2. The Princess of Wales Receiving Purses.—3. The Prince and Princess Visiting one of the Wards.—4. The Royal Party at the Aquarium.—5. The Prince and Princess of Wales on their Way to the Railway Station.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO BRIGHTON



1. The Prince, the Prelate, the Peasant, and the Peer.—2. The Menial's Pity.—3. K'rect Cards.—4. The Lawn.—5. Japanese Art.—6. "Madame est Servie."

NOTES AT GOODWOOD

ABOUT thirty years ago there was a fashion rife among ladies with time on their hands to spend part of it in making wax flowers—more or less true to Nature. Such artificial products were placed under glass shades, and formed not uncommon ornaments on drawing-room tables, until changes of temperature, and the fugitive nature of the colours employed, showed that these things of beauty could not claim to be everlasting joys. It is possible that the fashion may be revived in a new form, using real flowers in place of waxwork. According to a Belgian horticultural paper, M. Cornelis, a chemist, has discovered a method of preserving flowers so as to retain their form and colour. Each specimen to be treated is placed in a paper cone, which is then filled up with fine sand. The buried flower is then placed in an air-tight case, with lime, sulphuric acid, or some other material capable of absorbing moisture. At the end of a few days it is carefully removed from its paper cone, and can then be preserved indefinitely in a closed glass vessel.

The late trichinosis scare in great measure owed its birth to the report, quoted in the House of Commons, of our Vice-Consul at Philadelphia. This report, as our readers will probably remember, more than hinted that much of the American bacon, lard, and manufactured butter exported here were the produce of hogs whose bodies were full of trichinae. The Americans were not slow indignantly to contradict these statements, but their protest has now taken an official form in the published report prepared by direction of the American Secretary of State. It appears from this report that hog-cholera generally selects very young porkers as its victims—long before they have arrived at that fattening stage which precedes their transatlantic voyage; that the disease kills almost at once; and finally that the flesh of such diseased animals is so discoloured and generally unpleasant that its presence in a box of healthy meat would at once be detected. It is also stated that by no process of refinement can the grease from such carcasses be rendered inodorous. It would seem that the occurrence in man of the dreadful trichinae has been much exaggerated; for in Cincinnati, which boasts a larger pork consumption than any other city of the world, no case of the terrible malady has ever been recorded.

A curious phenomenon was lately recorded by the Cologne journals. An artesian well was being bored at Apenrade in the Rhine provinces, and the bore had reached a depth of nearly 150 metres. A subterranean rumbling was heard, and in a few moments sand, clay, and other *débris* were ejected from the hole with extraordinary violence, forming in point of fact an artificial volcano. The cause is attributed to an accumulation of gas beneath a non-porous soil, which could find no outlet until one was provided for it by the borer. This theory is borne out by the escape of vast volumes of gas, which took fire, and formed a high column of bright flame when a burning match was applied to the bore-hole.

Professor Forel has for some time been keeping a record of all earthquake shocks which came under his notice, not only in Switzerland, his native country, but in other districts, and he has lately published a Report describing the shocks so registered for the month of June. A severe shock was felt in Switzerland on the 9th, and from Professor Forel's comparison of its effects, and the time of its occurrence at different places, he is led to think that it spread in waves from a central point, just as waves of water will emerge in concentric rings from the point where a stone falls into a pond. Between the 10th and 20th of the month no less than six shocks are registered, from which it is concluded that we are entering upon an earthquake period, as was, indeed, shown on the 23rd inst.

The smoke-breathing apparatus invented by Mr. Fleuss has been instrumental in opening the Mandlin Seam of the Seaham Colliery. There are numerous coal-pits in various parts of the world which are closed because of the existence of some latent fire which bursts into vigorous life directly the mouth of the shaft is opened. It has hitherto been impossible to reach the source of the mischief because of the foul atmosphere which fills the workings. By using the Fleuss apparatus the most poisonous air can be entered without fear of suffocation, and there is every reason to hope that by its aid many deserted coal-fields may again be made productive.

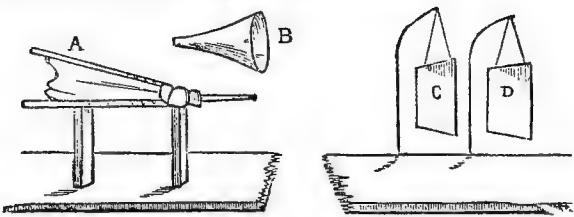
Mr. Abel, chemist to the War Department, has lately carried out a series of experiments, bearing upon the inflammability of coal dust, the samples of dust used being obtained from the Seaham Colliery just alluded to. The conclusions arrived at are mainly as follows:—That coal dust extends and promotes explosions by reason of the rapid inflammability of its finely divided particles when suspended in air. That it may also itself operate as a fiercely burning agent which will carry flame rapidly as far as its mixture with air extends, and will operate even as an exploding agent, through the medium of a proportion of fire-damp in the air of the mine, the existence of which, in the absence of the dust, would not be attended by any danger. It would further seem that the proportion of fire-damp necessary to create this explosive mixture is so very small, that it could not possibly be detected in the air of a mine by any means at present known.

The "box of electricity" has found a new application by M. Fonvielle, the well-known French aeronaut. By means of a Planté secondary battery and a special form of safety lamp, consisting of a platinum wire in a glass tube, this gentleman was able, during a recent night ascent, to read the barometer and other instruments, and to make notes of the same. The entire apparatus weighed a little more than two pounds.

A new remedy for permanent baldness is proposed, which consists in the removal of the unproductive skin, bit by bit, and the substitution of portions of healthy scalp taken from younger subjects. The only objection to this ingenious process of skin-grafting would seem to lie in the difficulty of obtaining younger subjects who would consent to the transfer.

The Council of Owens College, Manchester, are about to try an experiment which may lead to very important results. They propose to appoint five "researchers" who, on showing that they are qualified to prosecute any special study in nine named departments of knowledge, will each hold a fellowship of 100*l.* per annum. Before the close of the year the holders of these fellowships must show to the satisfaction of the authorities that they have progressed in their work. They may be re-appointed under certain conditions, for a second, or even a third year.

The Sanitary Exhibition, recently opened at South Kensington, although mainly dealing with matters pertaining to medical science, contains many exhibits which cannot fail to be interesting to the public at large. Among these may be noticed Ellison's system of Conical Ventilators which involves a principle which has not yet arrived at the text-book stage. This will be easily understood by reference to the annexed diagram, which represents the experimental arrangement shown at the exhibition.



A is a pair of ordinary domestic bellows supported on uprights at the end of a base board, measuring about four feet in length. C

and D are two little banners placed at the end of the board. Directly the bellows are worked the two banners are of course violently agitated. But if the nozzle of the bellows be covered by the glass cone E, the banners remain quite still, although the bellows may be worked with the same vigour as before, thus proving that by the addition of the cone, the air is diffused in such a manner that a draught is no longer created. On this principle of cone-shaped openings, many ingenious ventilators are shown, and the inventor claims for them that they will give any amount of fresh air without sensible wind.

T. C. H.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND Co.—“Consider and Hear Me, Oh Lord,” by P. Mazzoni, is modestly entitled a sacred song, with chorus *ad lib.*, but with truth might be called a short anthem for a tenor solo and chorus; it is a smoothly written devotional composition.—Tuneful and easy enough to be learnt by heart is “O Ma Douce Amie,” a serenade for a tenor, words by “C. E. G.” music by Cyril E. Stuart.—From Hermann Eisholdt come a song and a series of six pieces for the pianoforte.—“Down by the Willows” is a plaintive wail for a lost love, a ballad of an ordinary type for a baritone; the words are by “B. B. U.”—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of “Classical Gems for the Pianoforte” are respectively “The Mermaid’s Song” (Haydn), “The Violet” (Mozart), and “Mignon’s Song” (Beethoven). Of the same type, and of medium difficulty are “Romance” from Schumann’s “Phantasiestücke” (Op. 88, No. 1), and “Waltz from Weber’s Divertimento” (Op. 38). Although not very familiar to the general public, they will please refined tastes.—“Recollections of the Ukraine,” a national song and dance for the pianoforte, is a showy and not difficult *morceau*.—“Memory,” a romance in E flat for the pianoforte, by Brownlow Baker, is a soundly written piece for schoolroom practice.—A quaint little piece for the pianoforte, with an appropriate frontispiece, is “The Bear’s Dance,” composed by Alphonse Lacombe.

composed by Alphonse Lacombe.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—Franz Abt has made up his mind to be witty, and has thoroughly well succeeded in "A Musical Story," the cleverly comic words of which are taken from *Musical Opinion*. The idea of ending each alternate line with one of the eight notes of the *solfeggi*, going by the sound, not the orthography, is original, and will raise many a genuine laugh. The music is well adapted to the theme.—"The Stéphanie Gavotte," by Alphonse Czibulka, is a really clever and original specimen of its school; it is arranged not only as a solo and duet for the pianoforte, but also as a quartet for flute, violin, and violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment.—Two pianoforte pieces, noteworthy for their elegance and refinement, are: "Gesang Der Rose" and "Ye Maiden Queen," a gavotte, by R. Rickard.—"Katzen-Bourrée, one of Joseph Haydn's comical conceits, has been freely adapted by R. Rickard for the pianoforte.—"Acidalia" (very suggestive of a cooling summer drink), a *chansonette* for the pianoforte, by Heinrich Stiehl, is all very well, but there is something very incongruous in the idea of so light a theme for the organ.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A neat little song, which will be greatly patronised by young mothers, is "Playtime," the meek words by G. Campbell, music by Suchet Champion.—We are glad to meet with a song by Sibyl, who has been too long silent: "Dearer Far," written and composed by this clever composer, is a charming ballad for a tenor.—Ultra-sentimental is "The Captive's Lament," with its maudering refrain, "Break, my heart; oh, quickly break," written and composed by Harriet Power and A. S. Gatty.—No. 6 of "Mozart's Favourite Waltzes," edited by G. F. West, is as charming as its predecessors. The set of six should be introduced to all drawing-rooms where sweet melodies are appreciated.—Meet companions for the above are "The Twilight Hour" (Beethoven), arranged in an easy form by W. Smallwood; and "Lascia ch' Io Pianga" (Handel), remarkably well and faithfully transcribed for the pianoforte by F. Lemoine.—"L'Adieu," a Rhapsody for the Pianoforte, by Charles Swain, is commonplace; whilst "The Cypriote Polka," by the same composer, is decidedly original and worthy of public favour.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 51, Vol. VII., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* is unexceptionally good. First we have a "Fuga," by Reinhold Succo, a continuation of "Tocatta" in Part 49, a really grand composition admirably worked out.—Next comes a bright and melodious "Minuet," by James T. Pye, Mus. Bac., Oxon; followed by "Two Short and Easy Preludes" from the masterly hand of C. J. Frost. The two last pieces, of a secular character, are "Andante Tranquillo," by W. Owen Jones; and a "Romanza," by H. Housley, both of which bear the mark and finish of master-hands. We congratulate the editor of this admirable work upon having produced so excellent a number, and recovered from the slight tendency to sink below his standard of high excellence, perceptible of late.



THE HARVEST.—Wheat has now commenced reaping in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Middlesex, Essex, and Hertford. Talavera wheat has been the variety first invaded by the sickle. At Mark Lane, on Friday, July 22nd, two samples of new wheat were shown, and the quality in each case was very good. In East Anglia and the Eastern Midlands wheat is now changing colour, while harvest will be fully up to average date in counties north of the Humber. In the important corn-growing counties of Yorkshire, Notts, and Lincoln the advance in the wheat crop during the past fortnight has been surprising. The ears have filled out remarkably well, and are full of corn; only the straw will be short. Barley on all the strong and good lands looks well, and promises an abundant crop, while the proportion of fine malting samples may be expected to show a decided increase from 1879 to 1880. Oats are a light crop, the want of rain having been fatal to a large yield. Going west, we hear better reports of the oats, and also good news of turnips and potatoes. Barley where grown should be a good yield, and wheat up to an average in the West of England. May harvest, now about finished in the Midlands and Yorkshire, gives a light yield of good quality. Stock are doing well.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY has just held its annual show at Hatfield. The show may fairly be pronounced a success. The horse entries numbered 133, the cattle 112, the sheep 40, the pigs 5, and the total 290 was larger than that of 1880. There was also a very fair poultry exhibition. Some Indian cattle belonging to the Earl of Lytton, and entered by him as extra stock for exhibition only, attracted notice. The weather was fine, after a fall of rain in the night previous to the show. The number of gentry and farmers attending was very fair, but Hatfield is an exceedingly small place, with no plethora of accommodation for man or beast.

THE BEDFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual show meeting at Bedford, but neither fine weather nor

a liberal prize list prevailed to make the exhibition a success. The attendance was poor throughout, though those who did attend seemed very interested, particularly at the jumping contests. The cattle were an inferior show, neither did the sheep or pigs call for any special comment. The horses, however, were a very fair show. In this department, Mr. Howard and Mr. Purser were the most successful exhibitors. There was an excellent show of shepherds' dogs. Some exhibits of butter were shown, but no cheese. The well-known Bedford firm of the Howards had a good show of their leading agricultural implements.

THE SHROPSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held a good show at Welshpool. The weather was fair. There was an excellent display of cattle, Shorthorns and Herefords, while the Shropshire sheep, as at Derby, were a grand show.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual show at Lincoln. The fine old town was very gay with flags, and the weather was fair, with a fresh breeze, but the show itself was not very good. There were not many visitors, and the show of animals was small. Quality, however, atoned for this. The cattle included some of the finest animals of the day, and of Lincolnshire sheep the show was really excellent. Pigs were also a good show as regards character and breed. The Show remained open three days.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT DERBY turns out to be a pecuniary success, expenses not having exceeded 7,000*l.* while from gate money, sale of grand stand tickets, timber, &c., a sum of at least 11,000*l.* has accrued. Two shillings is a large price to pay for catalogues, but there is a great deal of expensive printing in them, and the Society nett no great sum on this account. The last show held at Derby involved a loss of 3,164*l.*, so that the success of the second venture is matter for especial rejoicing. The 14,056*l.* lost at Kilburn in 1879 will be diminished to 10,000*l.* by the Derby success of 1881. In 1880 at Carlisle expenses were just covered. The total admission at Derby were 128,095 persons, viz. 1—3,256 at five shillings, 30,810 at half-a-crown, and 94,024 at one shilling.

BIRDS.—A correspondent says, "If the late exceptionally severe weather has been fatal to so many of our feathered friends, this excessively hot weather is making up for it, particularly with regard to starlings. We are swarming with them at Merton, and I think an old pair located the last six years under the eaves of the house are preparing for a third brood. No less than three well-fledged birds, strong on the wing, have paid me a visit by coming down the chimney into my study, and, when caught, screaming fiercely, to the alarm of the women folks. Sparrows also are very plentiful, and I rejoice to say, thrushes and blackbirds also." The spring of 1881 was a good breeding season for almost all birds.

A LOSS TO AGRICULTURE.—The death is announced, in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Charles Lawrence of the Querns, Cirencester. For more than half a century Mr. Lawrence had held a prominent place among scientific agriculturists. Mr. Lawrence owned during a long series of years a farm adjoining that of the Royal College of Agriculture. On his farm he conducted a large number of valuable experiments, which led to the introduction into general use of many new improvements in the machinery used on farms.

FLOWER SHOWS.—The following flower-shows will be held in August:—London: South Kensington Shows on the 1st, and again on the 9th and 23rd. Southampton: Local Horticultural Society on the 1st. Maidenhead: Local Horticultural Society, on the 18th. Manchester: A very large International Exhibition, from the 24th to the 27th. Reading: Local Show on the 25th. Sherborne: Local Show on the 31st.

ROSES.—A list has just been compiled entitled the "Roses of Fifty Years." It contains 1,500 varieties, named with their raisers, and the chronological sequence of their production.

ESTATES.—The fine estate of Tadworth Court, near Epsom, has been sold by Lord Aveland to Captain Tritton.—The large estate of Exning House at Newmarket, extending over 2,567 acres, and bringing in 6,639*l.* a year, has been bought by the Jockey Club for 190,000*l.* This is the largest landed estate sale of the season.—The Prior's Ditton Estate, of 4,000 acres, in Shropshire, near Ludlow, has been put up for sale, but no purchasers have come forward.

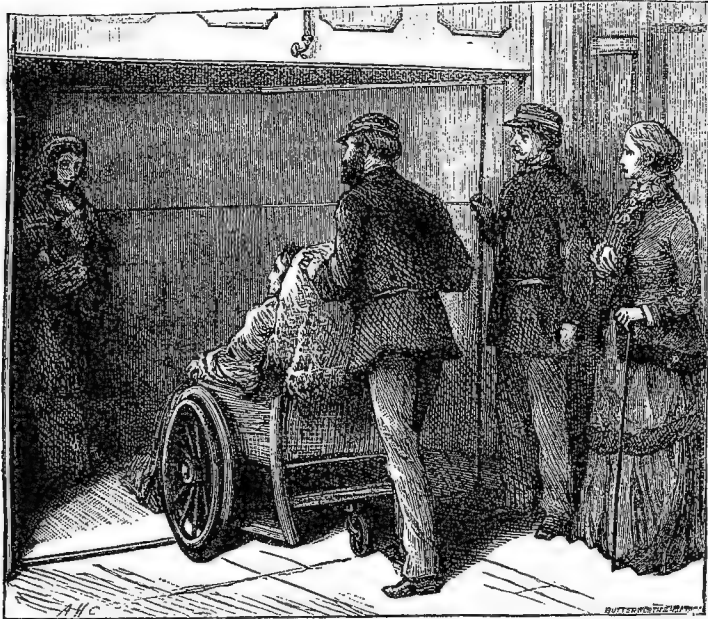
RENT REDUCTIONS continue to be made. The Duke of Sutherland has remitted 25 per cent. on the year, and the Earl of Carysfort 20 per cent. on the half year. Sir Henry St. John Mildmay has remitted 20 per cent., Lord Conyers and Sir Henry Beresford-Peirse 10 per cent. on the half year.

LOCAL TAXATION.—At a large meeting of Essex and Hertford landowners and farmers it has been unanimously resolved that a protest should be made "against the unjust exemption of personal property from its fair share of local taxation, a subject which requires the immediate attention of Parliament with a view to early legislation."

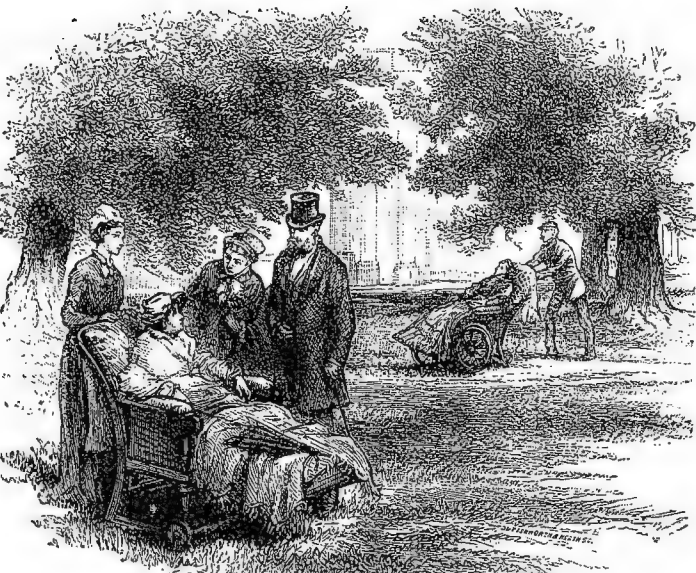


NEWMANS and Mannings are rare. The usual history of a 'vert is, taste attracted by music and ceremonial, sentiment awakened by the record of some saintly life, the longing for rest met by the claims to infallibility, the disgust at Protestant divisions made intenser by a dream of unity. Then argument begins in the shape of a text in support of the primacy, or a quotation from some Father, or an appeal to gainsayers to show when the supremacy so long exercised was usurped, or to admit it if they cannot show this. Very little argument will do when taste, sentiment, and imagination are all on Rome's side. The value of "The Papal Claims Considered in the Light of Scripture and History" (Wells Gardner) is that it proves the Roman argument, whether from Scripture or history or *à priori*, to be utterly worthless. The famous text, "Thou art Peter," was not understood in the Papal sense by the chief Fathers; and other texts have not much more to do with the subject than "top (*k*) not come down" had with the cause which it was used to support. Besides, granting that Scripture gives the gift to St. Peter (of which there is not the slightest evidence), on what ground is the gift extended to his successors? The historical argument is no less conclusive. Clement or Rome knew nothing of the primacy which Romanists say was his by transmission; the much vaunted passage from Irenæus merely speaks Rome as the world's metropolis; there would have been no need for the Nicene Council had the Pope been what he afterwards claimed to be. All this has been abundantly proved before; in this little book (to which the Bishop of Bedford has written an introduction) it is again set forth with great clearness, attention being called to the way in which Rome's boast of unchangeableness conflicts with the "development" theory.

Of the thousands who daily cross London Bridge very few, we fancy, ever turn aside to look at St. Mary Overies, now St. Saviour's, Southwark, and to note its splendid lancets and bold flying buttresses. Fewer still go inside and moralise over Gower's tomb and the other monuments, and the clustered pillars of the long-desecrated nave. "Southwark and its Story" (Simpkin, Marshall; Grattan, London Bridge), reprinted from a local paper,



GOING BY THE LIFT



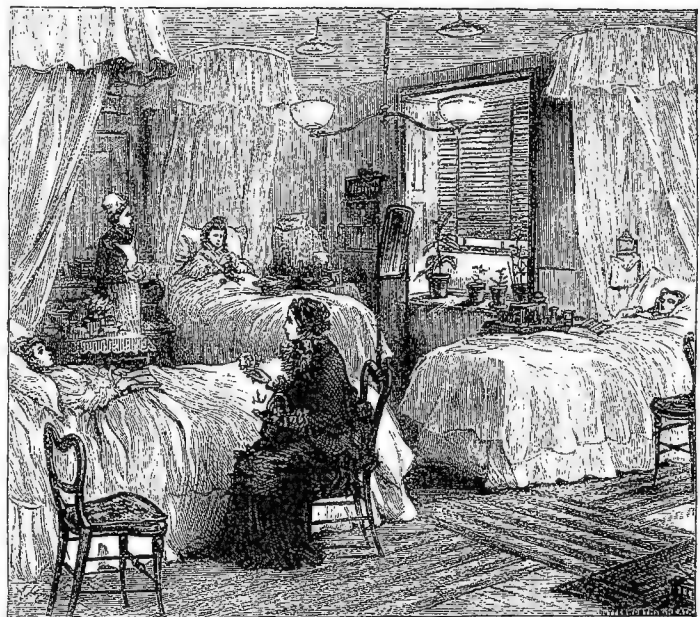
ON THE LAWN

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES

THIS admirable institution, the usefulness of which has just been increased by the addition of a new wing which on Saturday, the 16th inst., was formally opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, was originally founded in 1854 at Carshalton by the late Andrew Reed, D.D. It was removed to its present locale, Melrose Hall, Putney Heath, in 1863. Up till now there have been some 30 or 40 male inmates against nearly 150 females, and about the same proportion is observable, curiously enough, amongst the outdoor pensioners of the charity, the victims of paralysis, rheumatism, and other disabling maladies, whose number is 450, and who each receive 20*l.* a year. But for the fact that almost all the inmates, being more or less crippled, are compelled to move about with crutches, or in invalid chairs, Melrose Hall would present more the appearance of a comfortable hotel than of a hospital. It stands in its own grounds, the windows overlooking a lovely stretch of country, and the various rooms are furnished in such a way as to give the patients as much as possible of home comfort. Pictures, flowers, and books are there in profusion, and every effort is made to lighten the burden of life to the afflicted. There is a large Assembly Room in which Divine Service is held on Sundays, and where those patients who are able to be moved gather for daily prayer, and which is also utilised for social gatherings, &c. The immediate wants of the inmates are attended to by a staff of forty nurses and attendants, the head nurse and six divisional nurses being hospital-trained; the Matron, who is also a skilled nurse, having the oversight of all, under the direction of the medical officer, who attends daily. The opening ceremony on Saturday week was a success in every way, about seventy purses, containing upwards of 500*l.*, being laid before H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught; whilst at the luncheon which followed it was announced that the total amount of the donations, including twenty-five guineas from the Duke of Connaught, was 5,246*l.* Our engravings are copied from a little pamphlet descriptive of the Hospital, entitled "A Glimpse of a Good Work;" the first represents a patient about to enter one of the hydraulic "lifts" which connect the upper and lower floors; the second, a group of patients and visitors on the lawn; the third, a group of nurses under the verandah, and the fourth the interior of one of the wards, where lie three young girls, sisters, who have been afflicted from early youth, and who are now bedridden. The above-mentioned little work may be obtained gratuitously of the Secretary at 105, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



A GROUP OF NURSES



SISTERS IN SICKNESS

calls attention to this grand church, to Bermondsey Abbey, the Globe, and the other Bankside theatres, the Tabard, and all the other memories which make Southwark classic ground. The Borough, above all places, needed some popular reminder of this kind. Charles Knight told us all about it; but a generation has grown up that knows not Charles Knight. Miss Boger has done her work well, barring a few misprints like Rise for Rice or Rhys. We are glad she speaks up about Bishop Andrewes, who was an anti-Romanist prelate if ever there was one, and yet had his private chapel furnished (with tricanale, wafer-canister, censer, incense-boat, &c.) in a way to more than satisfy the most advanced Ritualist. Of the last of the Prince-Bishops, the Sumner who owed his advancement to his complaisantly marrying the Swiss lady with whom his royal pupil had fallen in love, she discreetly says "he belonged to another order of things." We hope the book will be widely read, and we wish every part of London had its story told in the same lively and unpretending way—though to few districts such real interest attaches as to that seemingly unpromising quarter which Miss Boger has taken in hand.

Baddeley's "Highlands of Scotland" (Dulau) comes out just in the nick of time, and reminds us in its thoroughness, its Baedeker-ish form, and the number of its excellent maps, coloured to mark the heights, of its author's "Guide to the English Lakes," of which we gave last season a deservedly favourable notice. Mr. Baddeley thinks that in glen and coast scenery Scotland at least equals any other tourist district in Europe; but then he wisely limits his glens to those in which trees form a prominent feature. Bare glens like Glencoe are on too small a scale to rank with the vaster scenes of wild grandeur abroad. On the charges in most Scotch hotels, the pier dues exacted on landing from steamers, and other minor vexations, he is not unreasonably severe; and he does well in naming hotels, like Scotland's, at Pitlochrie, which are good and not dear. With twelve years' experience, he is able to do this, and also to point out the finest views, which (as he showed in his "Lake Guide"), are seldom obtained from the central peaks, but generally from border heights of lesser elevation. His advice is: "Spend less time in rushing about, and more in exploring the neighbourhood of your halting-places; and never start on any ascent without a good supply of provisions and plenty of daylight before you." Almost everybody goes to Scotland when the heather is in bloom; and this is well, for there is no bracken to more than compensate with its golden brown for the loss of the purple heather. Still, a winter's walk, like that described between Callander and Blair Athol, including a curling match near Killin, and a sight of the Ben Lawers "Broken," or "Ulloa's Circle," is very enjoyable. But for this you want sun and frost and hard snow on the ground—a rare combination in the Highlands. Mr. Baddeley goes as far North as Stornoway and Laing, and does not neglect Edinburgh and the other towns. His book quite deserves its title of "thorough," and is an immense boon to those who like a guide-book to be what it professes to be, and not to aim at being a general and county history and elegant extract book all in one.

Mr. A. Douglass writes with authority on "Ostrich Farming in South Africa" (Cassell and Co.; and Silver and Co.) He has patented several incubators; two years ago he discovered the *Strongylus Doulassii*, which is to ostriches what *trichina* are to German lovers of raw ham; and he is one of the largest and most successful ostrich farmers in the world. His advice to intending farmers is: "Whatever money you take out, let it be as though you had it not until you have at least two years' experience. This gained, you will find yourself in a colony offering you a better chance just now

than any other." But to get this experience you must have introductions from relatives of well-to-do people out there, and must be prepared to pay 100*l.* premium for the first year; and you must be quick at observing—not like a young friend whom Mr. Douglass found had for two years lived where they brewed their own beer, and had never looked at the process. Above all, you must never touch drink, except at meals, and never gamble (two ruinous habits often learnt on board the steamer going out). Of course, most of the book is taken up with its special subject, which is lucidly and thoroughly treated of. There is also full information about land laws; advice about building—"it's almost always cheaper to get plans and specifications from an architect;" hints how to "cut out" the middleman by making up cases of feathers to suit the retail dealer, &c. The worst preparation, says Mr. Douglass, for African farming is apprenticeship on an English farm. His book is well illustrated, and is not without interest to the general reader. The moot point why the Barbary feather is so much "fluffier" than that of the Cape bird is still left unsettled.

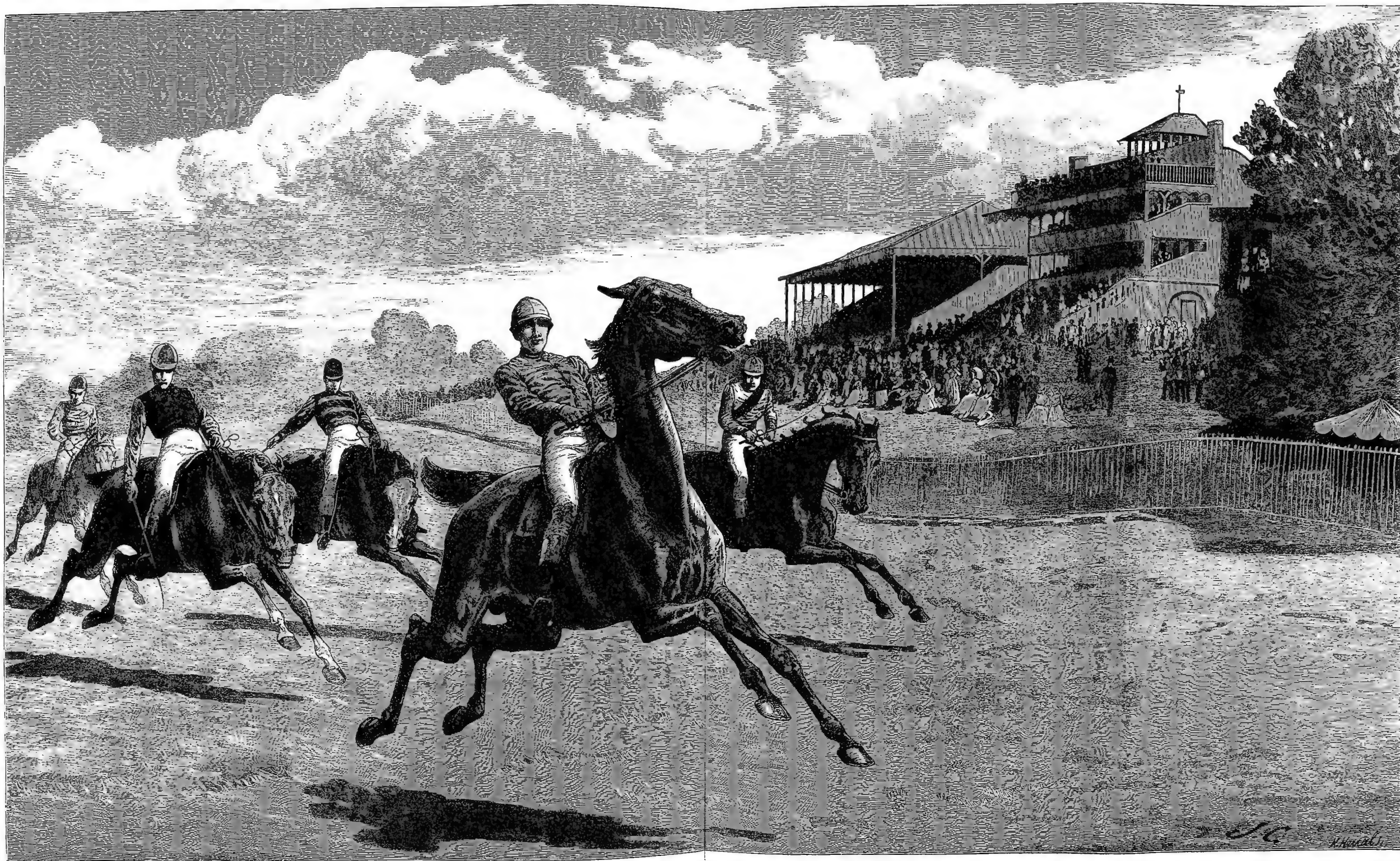
We trust too much to the foreigner for plums and cherries and pears, and even for apples; but for hot-house fruit we are still unvalued, and this is mainly owing to Scotch gardeners who have not indeed originated but have carefully carried out the rules of high culture—have done for glass what their countrymen in the Lothians have done for light soils. Mr. D. Thomson of course grows everything in the best style at Drumlanrig; and in his "Handy-book of Fruit Culture Under Glass" (Blackwood) he tells us how to do likewise. From pine-apples (whose native country, by the way, he does not venture to determine) to cucumbers he goes through the whole list, making us think that we, too, could easily force strawberries, and that fig-culture is within everybody's reach, and has hitherto been strangely neglected. We specially commend his chapter on figs, though in his third edition he must alter Saring to Tarring. The scarlet strawberry, too, originally from Virginia, can hardly have been brought over at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Two thick volumes on "Italian Literature" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) complete Mr. J. Addington Symonds's work on the "Renaissance in Italy." Without injustice to Mr. Pater we may say that Mr. Symonds has made the subject his own; and those who know anything of his former volumes will need no recommendation from us of what is one of the most complete and scholarly books of the season. Italian literature takes a strange hold of those who do more than dabble in it. Roscoe found this; and it is curious to compare his chapter on Lorenzo as a man of letters with Mr. Symonds's account of the many-sided despot who wrote both Lauds (sacred poems), and obscene carnival songs, and odes for the pageants, or "triumphs," with which he delighted the Florentines. Mr. Symonds's translations are infinitely above Roscoe's; they give us the spirit of the originals, and are marked by the delicate taste and subtle power which were so conspicuous in his rendering of Michael Angelo's sonnets. How the Italian character, so strikingly different from the Teutonic, gave a peculiar tone to the Italian Renaissance, Mr. Symonds again reminds us in his opening and closing chapters. The Italians have little real romance; every myth that they deal with they vulgarise; the glamour of old Celtic or German legends disappears in their hands like the bloom from a plum. Pulci is a good sample of this *esprit positif*. Ariosto, in Mr. Symonds's pages, comes out as an ableman of business, always grumbling at the prosaic work in which his patron, the Cardinal Ippolito of Este, employed him, but doing it most efficiently. One

hardly thinks of him as the author of excellent satires any more than as fond of eating turnips with vinegar and wine-sauce. He is an important figure in these volumes, for he expresses the Renaissance as Dante does the Middle Ages; and the form which the Renaissance took in Italy had a great share in making the country what it was and is, while its spirit, leading on to the Reformation, and through it to the Revolution, has been the emancipator of Europe from mediæval influences. Its cardinal truth is the recognition that the ancient and modern worlds are one. Hence history has become not a series of brilliant episodes, but the biography of man. Beyond this it deserves little praise. The absence of seriousness in its literature is painful; its writers seem to have lost all ethical and political conscience, and to have set up an æsthetic conscience instead. "Their levity is worse than sarcasm; their religious indifference is deadlier than atheism," their philosophy is strong only in negations. This reaction from mediævalism was then needful, Mr. Symonds thinks. It is certainly not needful now; and the notion of getting up a sham Renaissance among a race wholly wanting in the Latin spirit "is not only anachronistic but impossible." "We can depict the period, as we recover a phase of our own youth by recollection;" and this Mr. Symonds has done in a masterly way; "but we cannot extract from it an ideal of conduct applicable to the altered conditions of the nineteenth century." That one who knows the period so thoroughly should insist on this adds moral value to an honest and valuable piece of literary work.

Comparing books like "Near Home, or Europe Described," with the "Countries of the World" (Cassell), we can measure the leap which popular literature has made in little more than a generation. Mr. R. Brown's letterpress is up to the level of modern research, not too abstruse, and yet telling all that a beginner need know about the races of men as well as about their relative civilisation. That language is no test of race is just one of those common truths which many of Mr. Brown's readers need to have impressed on them. He touches on social questions, noting that the great emigration from Germany is partly due to peasant ownership. He does not even forget the amazing number of "nobles" still existing in Sweden; and his description of buying postage stamps in Constantinople is as comic as his engraving of a shoe-shop in Fez. The engravings deserve praise; if rough, they are characteristic; and, if some have done duty before, several (like that of the Kaaba at Mecca) are very curious and interesting.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS can be subscribed for in Germany at any post-office—a system which might well be copied by other countries. Altogether some 7,631 publications may thus be obtained, of which 5,169 are in the German language, and 4,398 of these are printed in the Empire itself. The French publications are the next numerous, 944; England follows with 766; there are 153 Danish and 67 Polish against 55 Russian. Amongst the rare journals are six in the Wendish language—a Slav idiom rapidly being absorbed in the German; 5 in Serbian, and 5 in Slovenian; 4 in Lithuanian, 3 each in Bulgarian, Croat, and Finnish; 2 in Rumanian, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish; 1 in Slovak, another Slav dialect; and 1 in Latin, the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, published in Paris. While on newspaper subjects we may mention that at the forthcoming National Exhibition at Milan there will be a complete collection of Italian periodicals published at home and abroad, with an account of the materials utilised in their production. Italy alone possesses over 1,800 daily papers.



WON IN A CANTER—A SKETCH AT SANDOWN PARK
DRAWN BY J. CHARLTON

SLAVES OF SOCIETY

How grievous it is that the world is so filled with them! At every step they are to be met, jangling their fetters, and complaining of their galls. Yet their servitude is a willing one, and their chains are of their own forging. The strangest thing to be observed about their slavery is, that although many of them murmur against it, not one is willing to accept of liberty. Freedom is waiting for them, stretching out a kind and wholesome hand; but the Slaves of Society will have none of it. They hug their chains, and pass by on the other side. Why is it thus? Is servitude a pleasant thing? It must be, or servitors would not be so numerous. Yet is there not a certain amount of inconsistency in murmuring and complaining—as undoubtedly many of them do—when one effort (difficult it might be, but certainly not impossible) would rid them of their bonds? True, but the effort is never made. Accustomed in youth to the heavy manacles which Society imposes upon her slaves, they wear them to old age, and sink them only in the grave.

Strolling through the World's Slave Market I come across many familiar figures, with whom I meet from day to day. Here is a man with a good deal about him to indicate the gentleman. He has a quick, nervous, sensitive glance; a bright, truthful eye; small, delicate hands and feet; and an air of superiority when he speaks; not as though he means to assert himself, but as though he has been accustomed to be obeyed. Yet his clothing is shabby, his eyes and nose are unnaturally red, and there is an ominous and tell-tale quiver in the hand with which he lifts his kerchief to his dry lips. "Yes, I am a drunkard," I fancy I hear him saying, "and who is to blame for it? Society, of course. For eighteen years of my life I tasted nothing stronger than water, and one hot day—at some races, I think it was—I bought an orange to quench my thirst. It was juicy, and cool, and sweet, and refreshing; but some acquaintances who came by at the time ridiculed me, and said it was not 'the thing,' that only 'common people' ate oranges out of doors, and, as I was a country-bred youth, and knew but little of Society, I blushingly threw it aside, and accepted an invitation to go and have a glass of beer. I went to my doom! one glass led to many, and that day began my ruin. 'I do not myself know,' says the hapless creature, flushing and looking down, 'why any of us, even the most manly, need be ashamed to enjoy the fruits of the earth. Yet Society cries out against it, and beer and whisky come in as ready substitutes, and sink a man's soul to hell!' Then he lapses into silence;—and I pass on to the next.

He is a pale, wan man, who looks as though his heart were broken, which it is. His marriage has been a Society one; no love,—nothing but money and convenience. His wife, nursed in the lap of Fashion and Frivolity, has wearied of him and left him. "Poor girl!" he says, mournfully, "it was Society's fault, not hers. They would marry her to me, although they knew what I did not, that her heart was elsewhere. She loved a poorer man, and ought to have wedded him. Then she would have been happy. When two young persons start out in life together, with nothing but a determination to succeed,—avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncrasies,—not carrying the candle near the gunpowder,—sympathizing with each other's projects,—willing to live on small means until they can command larger facilities,—paying as they go,—taking life here as a discipline,—with four eyes watching its perils, and four hands joined to fight its battles,—whatever others may say or do, however Society may rail at it, that is a Royal marriage!"

Then he hangs his head, and speaks no more,—and I go on my way.

The next slave whom I encounter is a young mother, crying over a dead child. The infant was ailing for some days, and she knew she ought not to have left it; but Society called her away; and the child fretted whilst she flirted, and died whilst she danced!

Then comes a girl, pining, and in ill health,—with liver disordered and lungs diseased, and the tip of her nose unnaturally red. She had thought it so delightful to hear people say, "What a delicate waist!" that she had sought to diminish its proportions, and had ruined her health with tight-lacing. Near to her is a sister in adversity, complaining of her feet. Tight, narrow-toed, high-heeled shoes have done their work, and left her crippled. Next to her, again, is a murmurer, with half-blinded eyes and a rough scorbatic skin: the effects of Society's admiration for bella donna, pearl-powder, and paint.

Standing a little apart from her is a man, who wrings his hands and murmurs miserably to himself. He is a ruined spendthrift, and his children are beggars upon the face of the earth! Born to a goodly inheritance, he enjoyed without scattering it, until Society stretched out to him an alluring hand, and decoyed him to extravagance and waste, riot and dissipation, difficulties and ruin! There is no help for it now—none; and the wretched slave shakes his chains, as though he were one of the few who would wish to be free; but he cannot cast them from him; they are too tightly forged.

I walk onward a pace or two, and come across a group of fashionables, who are chattering noisily together, and laughing, too,—a good many of them—as though some mirthful topic were under discussion. These are evidently not mourners, yet they are all slaves. On every dainty wrist I see the manacle which Society imposes upon her servitors. Hidden it is, in some instances, beneath delicate lace and fineries; but it is there, nevertheless: cutting into the tender flesh, and leaving its mark for all time.

What are they talking about, these slaves of Society? Complaining of their bonds; grumbling, half laughingly, over them; yet declining to shake them off. "Only fancy," one lady is saying, "the bailiffs were in our house last week, and my husband was so angry because I had not the money to get them out. He had given it to me, poor dear, when he was going to France to attend his father's funeral; but the horrid dressmaker refused to send home my dress until I had paid her odious bill; and, of course, I could not do without it, for if one is to go into Society at all, one must have variety of dress you know; one cannot be seen in the same thing three or four times over; so I paid her—the full amount, too,—and then, when the vile bailiffs swooped down upon us, there was next to nothing forthcoming to settle with them. Such a scene as we had! I was actually obliged to pawn my ruby necklet to make up the deficiency, and my husband storming all the time—as though it were my fault, and not that odious dressmaker's!"

"Oh, yes, my dear, I know how it is," says another richly-attired dame. "Men are beasts!—husbands especially. Not a particle of consideration amongst them; selfish to the backbone! They never have any money, when we want it of them; and seem to care nothing for how we are kept out of Society for lack of it. There's my husband, belongs to three Clubs, if you please, and drives a mail phaeton; and yet tells me that I am bringing him to ruin because I have rented a quiet little villa at Teddington, and am seeing a few friends. One must do these things to keep pace with Society; but men are so selfish, they make no allowances." And she takes out a laced kerchief, and applies it to her painted eyes.

"Oh, don't worry your head, my dear," says a young thing, with a ring on her wedding finger, and a ring in her pleasant laugh, too,—though her youthful face looks wan and worn withal. "You can get money, or anything else you want, quite easily, without tormenting your husband. Just flirt a bit, in a judicious kind of way—never committing yourself, you know—with a few fellows who are known to have cash. Do it the right way, and don't be too precipitate, for they'll like you twice as well if you keep them at a distance. Men are queer in that way. The moment a woman throws herself at their heads, or lets them fancy she cares a straw about them, they're as beaky as possible, and sicken of her at once; but she can tantalize

them for any length of time, and they positively like it! Only do the thing properly, my dear, and you can get anything at all you wish; and when there is no more to be had from one—when his money fails, or his mother cuts up rough, as they have a nasty habit of doing—why, then strike out for another, and play him the same way. Always keep him at the end of your paws: as a cat does a mouse. It's great fun, and works splendidly. Good looks are not a bit necessary, though you have some still. Manner is the thing, and *chic*. If you have that, you are all right; and Society knows nothing about it, or, if she does, she wisely holds her tongue."

To much more of this unsavoury discourse I am compelled to listen as I make my way through the Slave Market; and then, coming into a more open space, I behold a new scene: another of Society's phases, which holds me spellbound for awhile. A regular exchange and mart is going forward. Dresses, equipages, jewellery, saddlery, and horses, are rapidly changing hands; and the din of voices which I have just left does not penetrate here, where all is singularly silent, and business is conducted entirely without noise.

It is a wonderful sight, this market of wares. Titled ladies pass things over from one to the other—sometimes receiving money in exchange, sometimes value—but always in that muffled silence which is so heavy and so strange. The Slaves of Society are here in thousands, but their goddess is not to know it. Nobody is to be aware that the diamonds which Lady Hardup shall be that evening deporting, to the envy of so many, have been but a few hours before released from pawn; nobody is to know that those braids of glossy hair which are so much admired have been shorn from the head of some hapless girl, who has bartered the last treasure for bread—that she may eat it in honesty, and not in shame!

A slight hubbub arises in the corner of the market-place, and breaks the ghostly silence with a strange sound; and, through the murmur of voices and the tread of hurrying feet, I hear the sounds of wailing, and see that the ground is wet with women's tears. A crowd—chiefly of men—collects about the spot, and a man with a hammer in his hand mounts upon a platform and commences to vociferate to the throng. He is Society's auctioneer. A lot of her maiden slaves are about to be sold. He drags them up beside him, one by one. Some of them—alas, many! are weeping; and for these, despite their beauty, competition is not keen. Others, laughing and brazen, look saucily about them as trade grows brisker, and rush joyously to the highest bidder—be he what he may—as the hammer of Destiny comes down!

Behind the auctioneer, peering over his shoulder as the sale goes on, I see a line of faces: the mothers of the merchandise. Most of them flushed and anxious, laughing and expectant, but a few—a very few—wan with suffering and wet with tears. They have not wanted to sell—even though their offspring was willing for the barter; but Society has mastered them, and the auctioneer's hammer has come down.

Sick and giddy at the sight, I hurry back through the market-place,—past the silent barterers—past the group of fashionable chatterers—past the spendthrift, and the bereaved mother, and the poor drunkard, whose shaking hand is held out to me as I go by,—and then I take one long swift step into the open air of heaven, and am amongst free and rational beings once again.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE



THREE new novels at once call for unusually serious criticism. Each is faulty enough, and very far from approaching the highest level of fiction. But each, in its different way, is faulty because of its strength, and imperfect because its author is evidently too completely possessed with his or her subject to be hampered by the usual idea that the first, or rather the only, reasonable aim of a novelist is popularity. Probably enough, wide popularity may not prove the fortune of any of the three. Neither the psychology of the infinitely mean, nor a preference for great causes over flirtation, nor mystical romance, can be expected to meet the tastes of the majority. But three different minorities will be therefore all the more grateful.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's "My Love" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is a marvellously brilliant piece of work. It does not contain a dull page—it is scarcely exaggeration to say not a weak or pointless sentence—from beginning to end. It is the vivisection of selfish hearts and narrow brains—an unpleasant task admirably suited to Mrs. Linton's keen eyes and terribly sharp, not to say cruel, pen. For once, she has not written with an air of anger. She has taken Mr. Branscombe and Mrs. Morshead, and has dissected their vein by vein, and nerve by nerve. If people like these ever allowed a cap to fit themselves, the novel might prove a wholesome domestic medicine; but, unfortunately, it is only too certain that Mr. Branscombe and Mrs. Morshead are the very last people to be reached in this manner. And so, with all our admiration for Mrs. Linton's latest work, we must doubt the advantage of painting mean and odious people merely to give those who suffer from them the pleasure of seeing their unconscious enemies cut to pieces in effigy. Pleasure, beyond this, can be drawn from "My Love" by no conceivable reader: and such pleasure as this can scarcely be called wholesome. Perhaps, however, the real object of "My Love" is to incite the victims of egotism and ill-nature to open rebellion: for Mrs. Linton, while writing in their interest, makes all her amiable characters a race of spiritless slaves, reduced to protect themselves from their domestic tyrants by the arts of the coward. Rightly or wrongly, she takes that view of good women of which Thackeray has been accused. In the other direction, however, his process and hers are at opposite poles. She treats mean people and mean things with "the hate of hate," he treated them with the far more effectual "scorn of scorn." In so far as she has written in the spirit of a social and domestic revolutionist, we fear her purpose must prove absolutely barren. But she has written a terribly brilliant and painfully fascinating novel. One really tender touch would have given it rank above the highest that all the brilliancy and cleverness in the world can confer.

By "King Lazarus," by Leith Derwent (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is meant the rule of the Commune in Paris at the close of the siege. Mr. Derwent is inspired by a strong love for France and by a no less strong detestation for the enemies who sprang from her own soil. The novel is more than merely interesting: it is a really pathetic picture of how, during the great war, the best men were misunderstood and crushed down, and the best motives construed into treachery. The author almost goes beyond the limits allowed by good taste to nearly contemporary fiction in his manner of treating Marshal Bazaine. He appears to entertain towards him some of the feelings of Mrs. Linton towards Mr. Branscombe. Happily, however, the merits of the novel are less personal than historical; and, if the details have not to a great extent been gathered at first hand, they have all the air of having been so, while connected by that picturesque grouping which seldom belongs to describers at first hand. Some of the best portions of the novel do not belong to France at all. The main plot is an English family history, and the story of how an out-of-the-way North-country village drifted into the current of modern progress has the strength of humour. Mr. Derwent has enough imagination to feel and comprehend the force of passions which spring from other causes

than sentiment or self-interest—his novel, though containing, as usual, more love than is usually to be found outside novels, is merciful in that matter, and cannot be called a love story. His readers must bring to "King Lazarus" an idea of life as being something more, if not better, than a background for sentimental flirtation. It is a successful and legitimate attempt to combine romance with reality.

"Clifford Gray," called "A Romance of Modern Life," by William M. Hardinge (1 vol.: Smith, Elder and Co.), is a very singular story indeed. It is intentionally both mystical and mysterious, suggestive and obscure. We cannot promise its readers an easy comprehension of who or what the strange, half-real, strangely fascinating Véra de Trekkoff is supposed to have been—whether all human or half allegory. The idea is that of a woman who, having no soul or life of her own, is compelled, vampire-wise, to prey upon those of others: so that her character is good or evil according to the nature of him whose nature it is to supply her with life for the time being. Clifford Gray loves her so completely that his soul at last becomes hers altogether: in effect his consequent death transforms her into a complete woman, fit for life and love as others are. The execution of the story is much less morbid than the conception, and reaches at times to a high level of weird and fanciful beauty. It is certainly fascinating enough to absorb the reader's entire interest up to the last page, and, when he closes the book, to make him feel that he has something to think over. It is very seldom indeed that attention has to be called to three such excellent novels together, especially when all are so absolutely dissimilar from one another.

WATERCRESS

WATERCRESS, which, as Cowper says, is "a cheap but wholesome salad," had formerly a place in the *Materia Medica*, for its antiscorbatic properties; and it is chiefly for that reason that it is still so valued by country people as a green spring diet. In London, however, it is eaten the whole year round, as the cry in our streets informs us, as it also is in Paris, and to a greater degree; as there your steak at a restaurant will repose in a bed of it, and your fowl be garnished with it.

The first time that it was cultivated in Europe was about the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was grown by Nicholas Meissner, in the vicinity of Erfurt; and the cress there raised has such great renown, that the markets of Berlin, though 150 miles distant, are still supplied entirely with it. So profitable were these Erfurt cress plantations, in the early part of the present century, that they were let to the cultivators, by the City authorities, at the yearly rent of 2,400*l.*; and their value since then has been so enhanced that one year they were let for 8,000*l.* Similar plantations have been formed near Paris, where the consumption of late has so increased that 60,000*l.* worth has to be sent there each year for the markets.

Watercress at one time grew at Westminster, in the waters of Tothill Fields, on the site of which now strange fishes are swimming; but its regular cultivation in England did not take place until 1808, when it was grown on a large scale at Springhead, near Gravesend; and that place, which gives to London its chief supply, continues noted for it, as we glean from that daily cry, "Fresh from the valley."

This great success of the Springhead beds led to others being formed, some of which still are in working; namely, at Hackbridge, Uxbridge, Wandsworth and Hackney, Waltham Abbey and Rickmansworth; and Salisbury adds to the home supply, as from 10,000 to 12,000 bunches are each day wanted for the London market.

Watercress, with us, is eaten alone, unlike with the ancients, who ate lettuce with it, as is the custom, indeed, in some of our colonies, where, as in North America, it has been introduced; and so rapid and great is its growth in New Zealand, that the rivers are often choked up with it, as it there grows rank and free. Next to Springhead, the cress that with us has the most repute, is that which grows at Wallington, in Surrey—that pretty district where five Roman roads converged to form, at Streatham, the main one to London—as it is there that the clear and sparkling brook-like stream, the Wandale, flows—the "blue transparent Vandalis" of Pope, that never freezes.

In an able picture, called "Watercress Gatherers," that was to be seen last season in the Grosvenor Gallery, this mistake was made, the cress was being plucked, not cut. When gathered, as much as can be grasped with both hands is cut at each sweep, and set aside separately, as one bundle, or "hand," and when five dozen "hands" have thus been cut, they form one "basket," and forty such baskets make one "load," which, being properly packed—the hands loose, not tied—is sent by night to the markets, to be cool and fresh, and to be sold at 5*s.* per basket, or 10*s.* the load; and at this low price much money is made, as from one to two loads can be daily cut from a bed of five or six acres.

Watercress grows best in a running stream, but it will grow in a garden, too, if kept cool and moist, or in any old crock or pan, and enough cuttings to furnish a fair-sized bed can be obtained from a couple of bunches. Under a north wall is the best place for it, and it will thrive there through the winter as well as the summer, if reed-mats are stretched over it, or dead fern laid on it; and a pretty green edging, as a border round beds, may be made with it, as we see in the garden at Chiswick.

The plant itself has many good properties, but its greatest good is this: that, as the most trifling outlay suffices for the stock-in-trade, and each penny invested brings fourpence for it, a living can, by its sale, be eked out by the poor, when other things are beyond their grasp.

S. B.

ABOVE RUBIES

Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Merchant of Venice.

"I HAVE brought thee many a treasure
From the climes where I have roved—
And the warrior marked the pleasure
Of the lady whom he loved.

"Silks I bring of Tyrian dyeing,
Woven by the maids of Ind—
"Surely," thus she answered sighing,
"Thou hast better still behind?"

"Yea, I proffer jewels glistening;
And the meanest decked a Queen!—
"Is this all," she asked, scarce listening,
"From the lands where thou hast been?"

"Though my birth be mean and lowly,
I have climbed Fame's dizzy height.—
"Yet, methinks," she answered slowly,
"Thus doth every belted knight.—"

"See this banner, rent and gory,
It once fluttered free and strong.—
"Dost thou bring nought save this glory
From the shores thou trod so long?"

"Nought," he answered very sadly;
"Save a heart that beats for thee."
"Love," she whispered, weeping gladly,
"This is worth the world to me!"

L. A. JOHNSTONE

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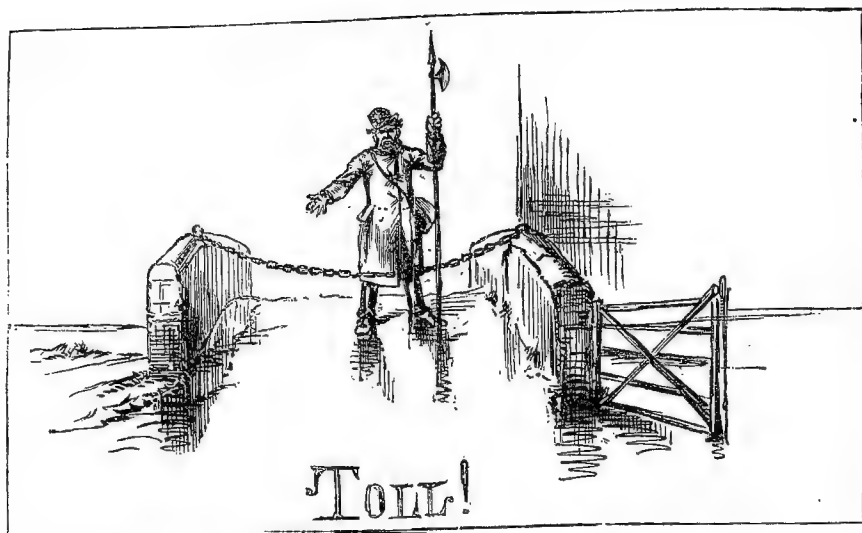
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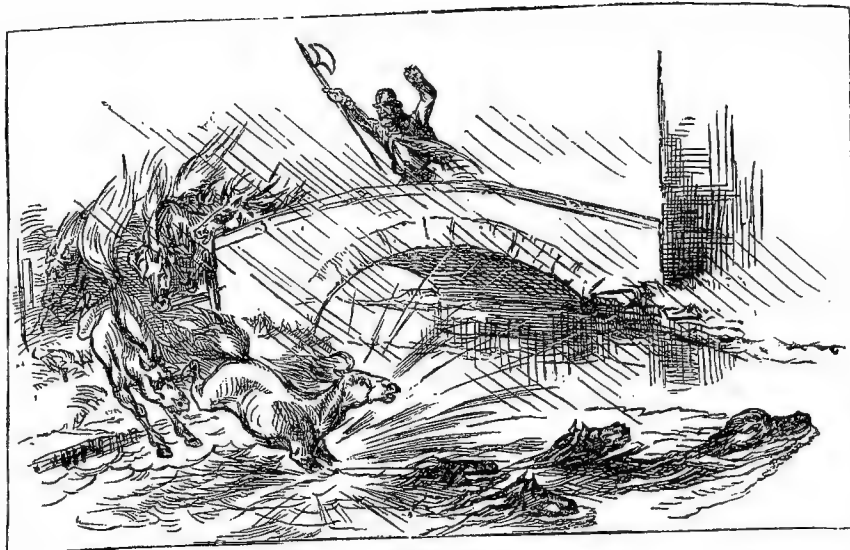
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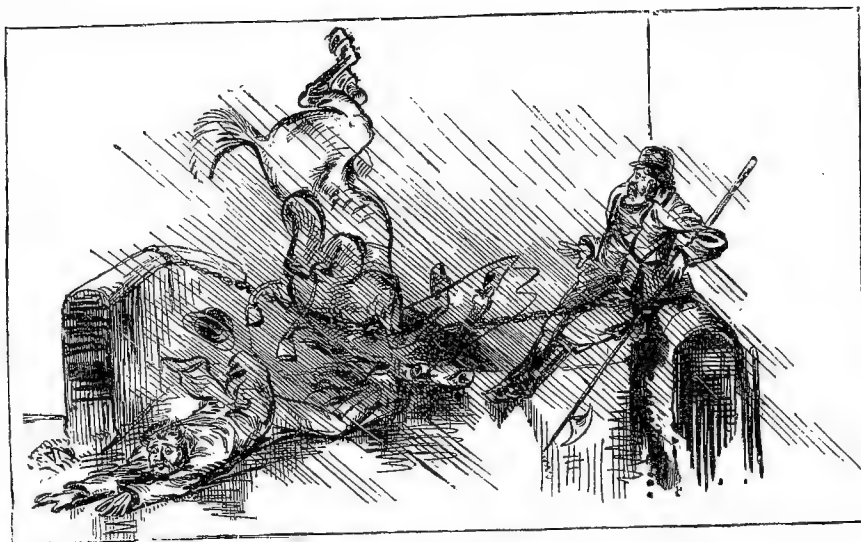


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THE CHAIN ACROSS THE BRIDGE JOKE—A FACT



LOST HIS HOLD-FAST



CATCH THAT LITTLE DEVIL! COME AND DO'T VERSEL, MY DEAR!



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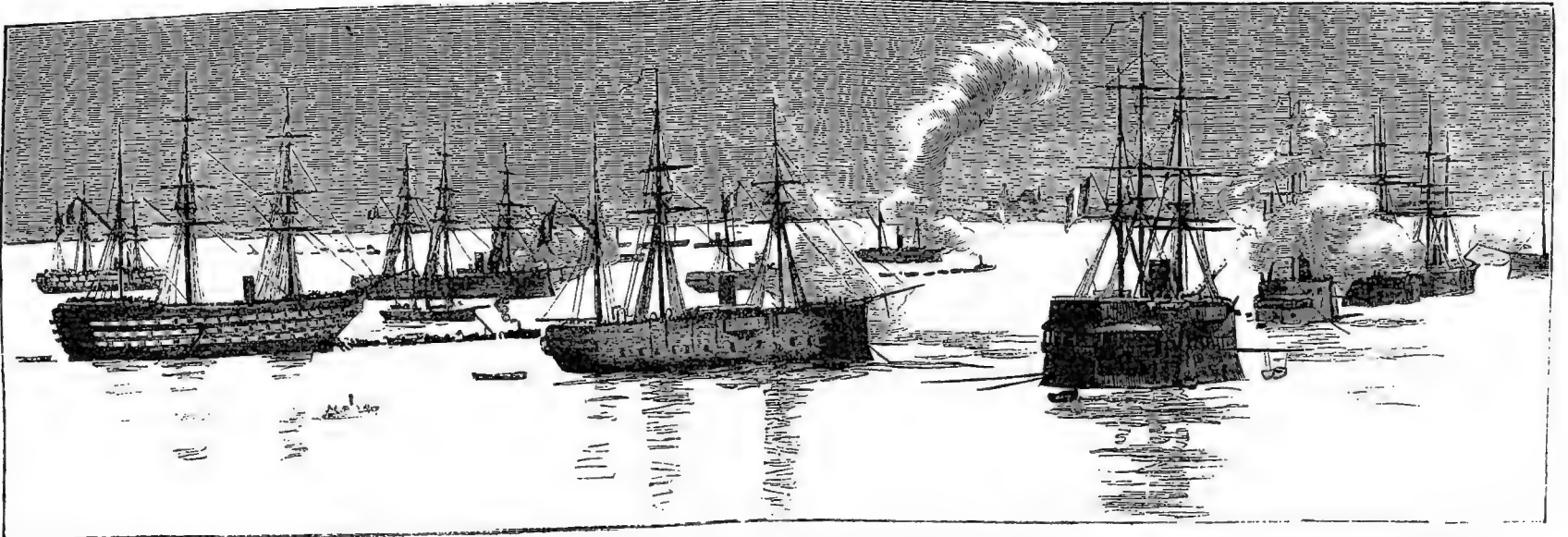
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BUT I WISH 'EE JOY OF EE'S
BARGAIN"

"I BUY'D 'N VUR MY OWN RIDIN, D'YE ZEE!
I CAN'T GET UP AND DOWN A BIG 'OSS
LIKE I'D USED TO

AT A SALE OF EXMOOR WILD PONIES, BAMPTON



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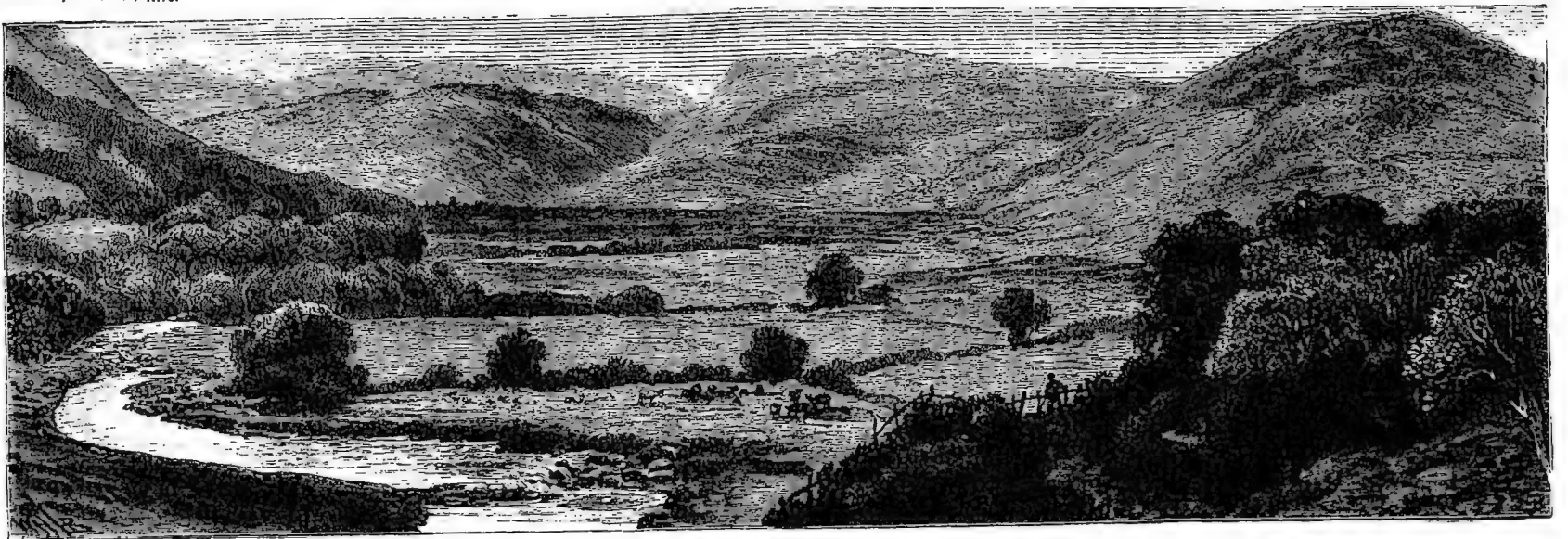


TUNIS—THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT OF SFAX BY THE FRENCH FLEET, JULY 15, THE DAY PREVIOUS TO ITS CAPTURE

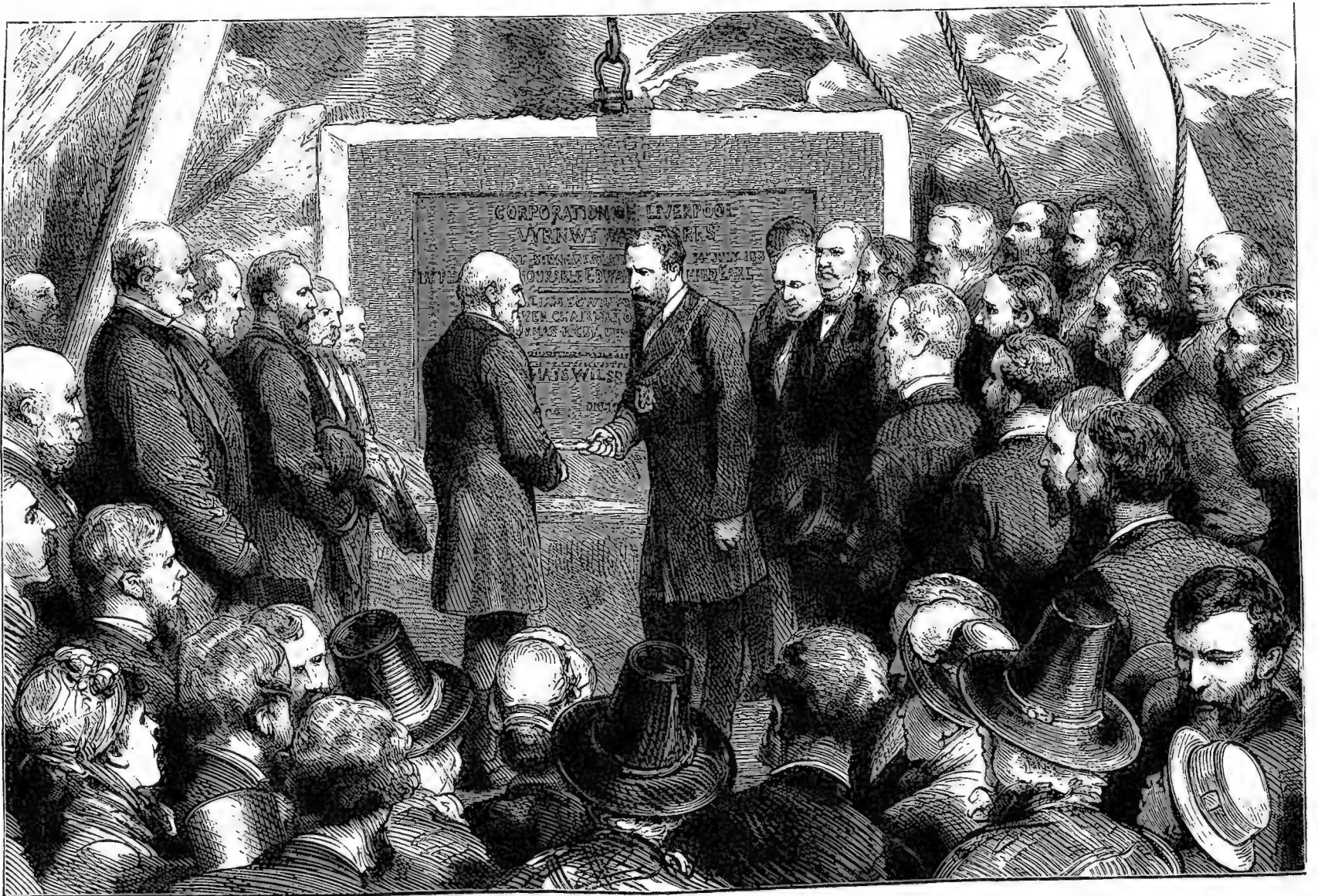
The Vyrnwy River

Church and Village to be Removed

Bank in Foreground where Foundation Stone was Laid



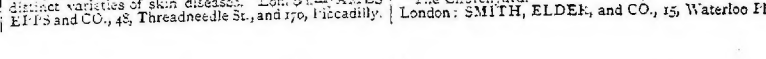
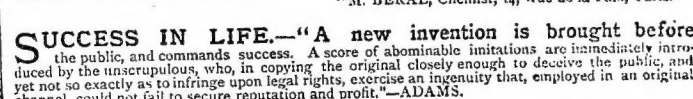
THE VYRNWY VALLEY—SITE OF THE PROPOSED LAKE



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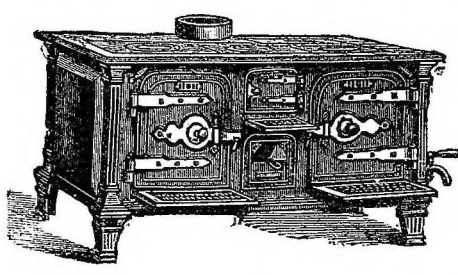
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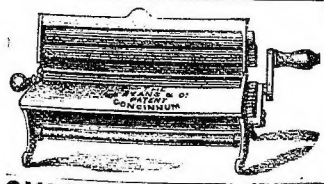
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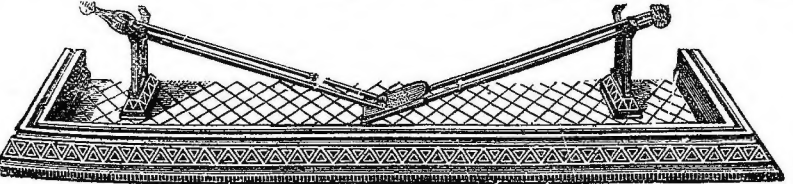
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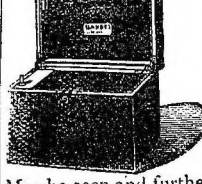


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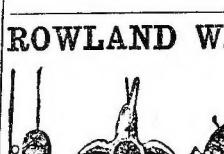
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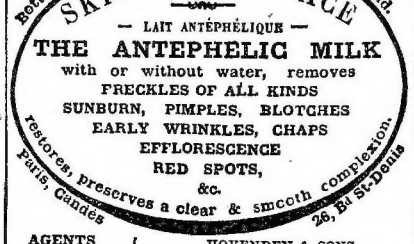
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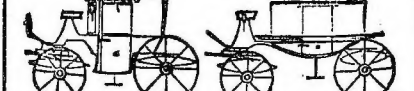


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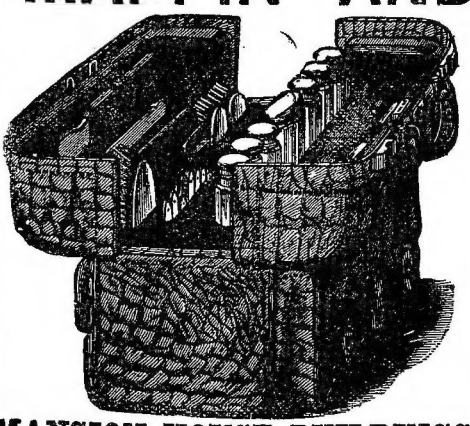
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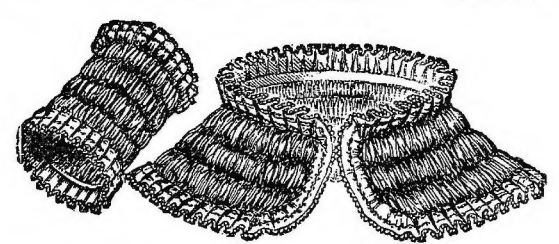


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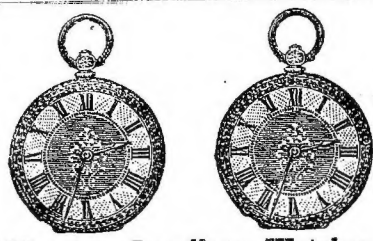
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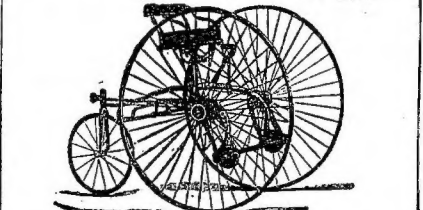
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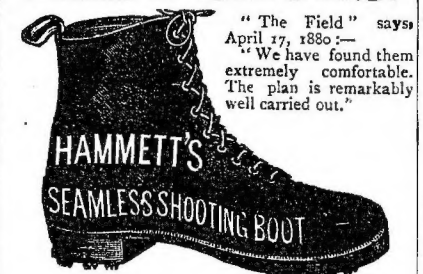
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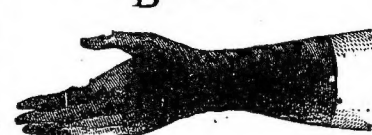
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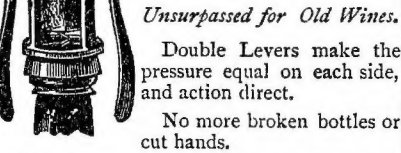
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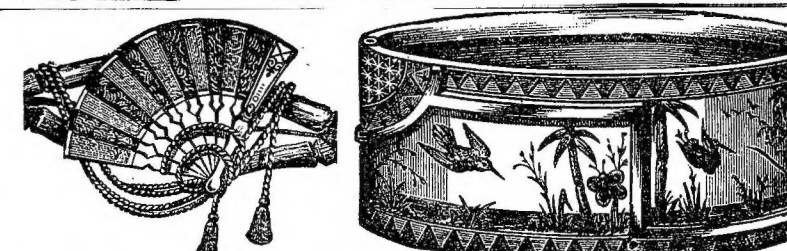
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